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Boys and masters : a story

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BOYS AND MASTERS

A. H. GILKES M. A.



SCHOOL LIFE

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BOYS AND MASTERS

A STORY OF SCHOOL LIFE

BY

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MASTER OF DULWICH COLLEGE

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PREFACE.



THIS is a story of school life, written because I have had much to do with boys, though nothing to do with story-telling, as is perhaps only too evident. There are a great many stories of school life in existence ; but very few of them seem to give a true representation of it. I do not know whether this story is any better in that respect ; I can pronounce no opinion upon it ; I can only say that it seems to me to represent my experience. I send it with many misgivings into print. I have had before me, while writing it, several principles, the most prominent of which

are largely the result of the training they receive as boys—training at home, and at school—so largely that a school-master's position is actually terrible. I have written also with a strong feeling of surprise, which has been growing for fourteen years, at the indifference many parents show with regard to the formation of their children's character and the unfortunate lessons which many parents permit their children to learn at home.

THE COLLEGE, DULWICH:

May, 1887.

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BOYS AND MASTERS.



CHAPTER I.

PLACING.

ON the first or second day of term there will always be seen at a school little groups of boys, who drift, rather than walk, about the school premises; shyly avoiding the rest, looking at anything that there is to see in a thankful but only half-interested manner; finding some feeble kind of support in each other, as sticks may stand up leaning one against the other. These are new boys, and a man in after-life will often compare his most desolate and bewildered moments to those first few days at school. Take courage, little new boys; you will be old boys before long, and seem six feet high to your suc-

cessors, and look at them haughtily and order them about. It is not nice to you now even to walk about unmolested; and perhaps even isolation is better than interference. You feel very uncomfortable when a group, not of the biggest boys, stops in front of you and you are asked, 'What is your name?' and as the group moves on you hear a contemptuous laugh, probably at your expense, for having such an extraordinary name; or again, when you are told that you are wanted by Mr. Green in that schoolroom, and you go to that schoolroom, which does not indeed seem to you like a schoolroom (but then you are no judge), and by inquiry find out Mr. Green and explain to him, with respect, why you have come, and at last make Mr. Green, who is deaf, partially understand; and then you find out, amid great laughter from every one, that you are in the school-shop, and that Mr. Green is the school shopman. Neither is it pleasant when some one, apparently anxious to serve you, comes up to you and says, 'I say,

Mr. So-and-so '—some person with an odd name—'wants to see you, and I advise you go, quick,' and, after some fear and trouble you find out that there is no such person ; and then presently you may receive a genuine message, which your new wisdom leads you now to neglect ; or when you receive friendly advice to keep off the grass plots, and take your hands from your pockets, since by carrying them there you are assuming a privilege only allowed to the sixth—an insidious piece of advice, for either you may observe both rules, and your unharboured hands will amuse everybody, or you may neglect both, and be called to order by Banks, the school porter. It is a relief to leave off being your own master with such a mockery of authority, and go into school, where you feel that your existence is of some consequence to somebody, and that you can be obedient with confidence.

It was the beginning of the Michaelmas term, ten years ago, that two new boys, among many, loitered

about the school gardens at a great public school, carrying on a fitful, uncertain conversation. Their names were Barton and Petitt. At ten o'clock they were to present to one of the form masters a slip of paper, given them by the head master the night before. On one was written 'Barton,' and underneath, 'Mr. Fort;' on the other, 'Petitt,' and underneath also 'Mr. Fort.'

As the clock struck ten they passed upstairs with the stream of boys, and entered for the first time their form room. Mr. Fort was there, the master of the third form, in his cap and gown, with his mark book and a bundle of examination papers. These he distributed, and settled all points of doubt which obtruded themselves upon the minds of his pupils—as, for instance, whether they may or may not write upon both sides of the paper; whether there must be a margin, and if so, upon which side of the paper; whether they may do the questions in any order they please, and so on. Then some other

arrangements were to be made. For instance, a boy named James had no pen, or paper either, for the matter of that ; and a boy named Appleton had provided himself with a pen but had forgotten the nib, which appeared to annoy him. When everything was settled, Mr. Fort called up the new boys, of whom perhaps there were half a dozen in the room. To walk up in turn and present the paper, and answer a few questions *vivâ voce*, with all the boys listening, is rather an ordeal, and is approached by different boys in very different ways. Some try to parade their knowledge, some to conceal it ; some think only of the boys, and every now and then steal a glance with a half-smile toward them, as though they were all confederates and the master a hostile power. Some think only of the master, not noticing the smiles produced by their anxieties. Some are forward and confidential, and loll on the table ; some are timid, and do not know what to do with their arms or legs. Some answer loudly and reck-

lessly, while they themselves are almost unconscious through fear ; some timidly and softly, while they are mentally taking note of everything, and calculating their best chances of happiness ; some boys have read Homer and cannot say the first declension ; some know all their grammar, and have never seen a sentence of Greek or Latin. Very varied are they, before the discipline of school has brought them into any degree of outward conformity.

Third among the new boys came Barton, and next came Petitt his companion. Barton came with a quick, confident step and a bright face ; he had his eyes fixed on Mr. Fort. Mr. Fort turned his head away. With his chin on his hand, looking round the room, he put the questions as to progress, and those not many. He set the boy a piece of *Delectus* to do, and as undemonstratively as possible waved him to his seat, and called up the next boy at once. A little vexation might have been traced in Barton's face as he began his work. Mr. Fort made

a note, part mental, part written in his book : ‘ Well taught, aged twelve, clever, conceited.’ Petitt stared with his large eyes under his light hair, and answered, apparently anxious to please, with attention fixed fully upon Mr. Fort, who spoke to him encouragingly, but received answers not very correct. Petitt went back with his passage to translate, and Mr. Fort made another note : ‘ Half-taught, aged thirteen and a half, not industrious, impressionable.’ Then came up two brothers. Bolton was the name upon their paper.

‘ What Greek have you done ? ’ said Mr. Fort.

One of them was ready with a string of great names, which abashed the listening boys in front.

‘ Do you know your grammar ? ’

‘ Yes ; yes, sir.’

James, who was in the front row, listened enviously.

‘ What is the 1st Aor. Inf. of *τύπτω* ? ’

‘ *Τύψε*,’ said Bolton. James, or ‘ Jemmy ’ as he was generally called,

listened, mirthfully inclined, and was vexed when Mr. Fort made no correction. Instinctively he expected one, and felt it not to be fair that there was none. He listened more and more mirthfully, as each tense is, he believes, done wrong, and steals a look up at Appleton, two boys off.

‘Which is the elder of you two?’ says Mr. Fort.

‘Tom,’ says the younger, indicating his brother. Jemmy and Appleton, who was also called ‘Coddles,’ eyed each other still mirthfully, and their enjoyment increased as Tom, the elder, proceeded to paint his progress—anxious, if he is backward, to excuse himself, speaking of his health and so on. Jemmy made up his mind to have some corrective conversation with this youth afterwards, and many repetitions of what he is hearing, with his own comments thereon. ‘He said he had been ill,’ said Jemmy afterwards to Rogers, with indignant laughter; and Coddles also laughed, though the enor-

mity did not seem to him so great as to Jemmy.

‘What did Fort say?’

‘Fort looked at me, and told me not to be silly. But before I’d be such an ass as that!—here he is.’

‘How are you?’ said Rogers to Master Bolton. ‘You’ve been ill, haven’t you?’

‘Yes,’ said the elder readily, while the younger one looked on doubtfully.

‘And not able to work for—how long did you say, Jemmy?’ said Rogers, indignation and banter struggling in his tones.

‘Six months, good,’ said Jemmy, eying him with much disgust.

‘You beastly fool!’ said Rogers, letting his foot fly out, and passed on, leaving the boy in some wonder and pain.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST TERM.

IN about three weeks the boys were settled down, each to his work, and had local habitations, numbers in form studies and books. They began to understand their duties, and to know the names of the boys and some of their peculiarities—who was good at cricket, who never opened a book out of school, and other biographical facts of the kind. Barton was put into a large and rather untidy study, of which James and Appleton were the other occupants. Petitt was not far from them, in a study with two others, a boy named Scribner and a prepostor. He did not much like Scribner, and was horribly afraid of the prepostor; and therefore he was glad to come into

Barton's study as often as he could. Next door were the two Boltons, who, with a certain amount of hard-hearted cunning on the part of the house-master, had been put into the study of Rogers, to the intense disgust of Rogers himself, which was increased as it became apparent that the elder had a long tongue, very strong opinions, and a power of mere argument that far surpassed anything that Rogers could command.

'I don't mind the young one,' said Rogers to his friend Jones. 'It's that beast T. that I hate. He told me last night that I didn't take a right view of school life. I licked him well, but he's just as bad to-day. He's an awful sneak. I shouldn't be at all surprised if he were to tell about anything. He said this morning that the study was as much his as mine, and I'm hanged if I stand it. Come, and see him.'

The two boys, Jones and Rogers, went into the study, in order that Jones might give his opinion upon the case. Rogers began to show off his

grievances by demanding the chair upon which Bolton was sitting. The younger one got up and offered his, but the elder one took no notice. Rogers proceeded to oust him and lick him, giving all the while a dissertation upon the rights of seniors as compared with those of new boys, which Jones corroborated, while the younger brother cried.

‘Come into our study,’ said Barton, who was fond of patronising, and kind-hearted enough, seeing the boy in the passage rather disconsolate; and he came. There was Appleton, with a small frying-pan, which he was holding over the gas, trying to cook some sausages. In the corner of the study was an open hamper.

‘It’s an awful shame that we don’t get more gas,’ said Appleton, as his arms began to ache.

‘I wish you wouldn’t make such a stink, Coddles,’ said Jemmy, discontentedly, coming into the study. ‘I don’t believe they are sausages.’

‘They don’t smell like sausages,’

said Bolton, who was not easily suppressed, and had an opinion upon most things.

‘They smell beastly,’ said Jemmy positively, looking askance at Bolton. ‘I wouldn’t eat them.’

‘They do smell funny,’ said Appleton, doubtfully, bringing down the pan so as to be under his nose.

‘There’s something in the pan,’ said Jemmy, after inspection. ‘It’s that that smells.’

‘It’s india-rubber,’ said Appleton.

‘Yes, that’s it,’ said Jemmy; ‘I thought I knew the smell.’

‘I wonder how it got there,’ said Appleton, reflecting. ‘I remember. It’s what I cleaned the pan out with yesterday.’

‘Well, do stick it up,’ said Jemmy, ‘or put it outside.’

This Appleton was very unwilling to do, but Jemmy insisted, and he gave way, feeling himself also some mistrust of the eatables.

Presently Bolton went out, and James said: ‘I wish that fellow didn’t

come into the study; he hasn't any business to come.'

'Well, Rogers had been licking him; so I asked him in,' said Barton.

'You'll see, he'll be always coming in,' said Jemmy, roughly, but looking not unkindly on Barton.

'He *is* a beast,' said Appleton. 'But Rogers *does* lick him. He licked him to-day, because he heard him tell Fort he was sorry he was so backward as to be in the third. He made him sit down in a puddle, and wetted him all through, and his breeches were nearly new.'

'What was it Scott said to you in school to-day?' said James.

'When?' said Appleton, blushing.

'When you went out, after you had spilt the ink.'

'Oh, nothing,' said Appleton. 'I was rather dirty, only I don't think Scott need have noticed it.'

Here there came a knock at the door, and Bolton entered again, with his parsing-book and writing-case, prepared to stay. Jemmy cast a re-

proachful look at Barton, and kicked the leg of the table, but said nothing.

‘I shouldn’t have minded if it had been any one else,’ said Appleton. ‘Scott always does notice those sort of things, though he isn’t very tidy himself.’

‘I should think he is very poor,’ said Bolton severely. ‘I don’t think he is a gentleman ; his coat shines, and it’s quite green all down the sleeves, and some awfully shabby people come to see him.’

‘Yes, he is,’ said Appleton.

‘I don’t think so,’ said Bolton, ‘and I believe his father was a tradesman, so he can’t be ; and he doesn’t know anybody about here I found out all about him from Banks.’

‘Yes, he is,’ said Appleton, though he did not feel able to argue the point.

‘Wright is a gentleman, and so is Fort,’ said Bolton. ‘But I don’t think Scott is ; anybody can see it.’

‘Yes, he is,’ said Appleton hotly.

At this minute there was a knock at the door, and Scott came on his

round ; he was house-tutor to the house. He stayed a moment and sniffed, and said to Appleton : ‘Toasted india-rubber ? My poor boy, you must try to get something more nourishing than that.’ The boys all sniggered. Appleton looked vexed, and when Scott had gone he said : ‘He’s always doing it ; and talking about my eating something.’

‘Well, and you’re always eating something,’ said Jemmy.

‘Did you see what an old coat he had on ?’ said Bolton. ‘He doesn’t know anybody in the town.’

‘He must have been at College,’ said Jemmy, regarding Bolton with some dislike.

‘I don’t call him a gentleman ; I don’t believe my people would know him,’ said Bolton.

Jemmy was silent, regarding Bolton as before. Appleton only said, ‘Yes, he is,’ but rather sorrowfully. Just then the half-past nine bell rang, and the boys, being among the juniors, went off to bed.

‘What do you think of the new boys?’ said Fort to Wright that evening.

‘I haven’t seen any,’ said Wright, who took a high form, and did not much interest himself in any other. ‘I suppose there are a good many of them, though?’

‘About twenty-eight, I think,’ said Fort. ‘I have eight assorted scholars. One is called Tom; he has another name, but Tom is that which he prefers.’

‘I know,’ said Scott; ‘he is in our house, and he gave me his name and history as a reason why he is to be taught by Fort.’

‘His name or history?’ said Wright, who often fished for a jest in the mechanism of a sentence.

‘His history,’ said Scott, without expressing his opinion on the jest, for Wright was easily offended.

‘Evidently, then,’ said Wright, ‘he does not think much of Fort.’

‘He does not,’ said Scott. ‘Nor of his fellows in form; and, among others, very little of my friend Appleton.’

‘Appleton is not calculated to inspire respect,’ said Fort, who often talked after Scott.

‘I shouldn’t think Appleton minds much,’ said Wright.

‘I don’t think he does,’ said Scott. ‘But he has an avenger. You know Bolton is in Rogers’s study, and Rogers beats him. Bolton began by patronising Rogers, and wanted to show him how a boy ought to live at school. It confounded Rogers for about one day; but when he recovered, and realised the situation, he has been licking him at intervals ever since.’

‘It will do him good,’ said Wright.

‘Perhaps it will,’ said Scott; ‘but I prefer Bolton to Rogers all the same.’

‘I saw Rogers to-day squashing him into that mason’s puddle behind the pavilion,’ said Fort. ‘I expect that was because of the views upon me and the third form, which he delivered to me to-day, in Rogers’s hearing, after school.’

‘Thank goodness, boys are all pruned

down before they come to me,' said Wright.

'By Rogers and Company. We have a great deal to thank them for,' said Scott. 'You wouldn't do to take the third. Fort is the man; he gets at them so. One of his boys told me last term that by heaven's help he meant to do better.'

Wright made a noise as though he were going to spit.

'Who was it?' said Fort.

'I shan't tell you,' said Scott.

'What did you say?' said Wright.

'I said, I hoped he would.'

'Did he?' said Fort.

'No,' said Scott. 'But he looked several times as though he might be about to be.'

'Future optative, in fact,' said Wright.

'A tense seldom used,' said Fort.

'Yes,' said Scott. 'But when used it produces a beautiful expression of face.'

'I wish you had punished him,' said Wright. 'You ought.'

‘I prefer Appleton myself, of course,’ said Scott. ‘But still it is evident that the other has some knowledge of religion.’

‘Appleton,’ said Wright, ‘I should suppose, only knows the taste of food.’

‘And the most important rules of football,’ said Fort; ‘but nothing else.’

‘I think you are mistaken about that being all,’ said Scott. ‘I like Appleton.’

‘Oh, I don’t dislike him,’ said Fort. ‘But he is dirty.’

‘He is,’ said Scott. ‘He came up to-day, to ask if he might wash his hands; they were inky.’

Scott, it may be remarked, taught history, form by form, to nearly all the school.

‘Were they?’ said Fort; ‘I’ve seen them so. Did you give him leave?’

‘I said he might,’ said Scott; ‘and that he might wash his face and clothes also, if he liked. I shouldn’t mind.’

‘What did he say?’

‘He looked so hurt that I felt awfully sorry, and had him up and

looked his history paper over with him after school.'

'He must have been awfully obliged,' said Wright.

'He was,' said Scott. 'And I lent him Fort's clothes-brush.'

Fort laughed. 'I have a new boy called Barton,' said he, 'the opposite of all that.'

'I know him,' said Scott; 'a boy after Wright's own heart.'

'How do you mean?' said Wright.

'Conceited,' said Scott.

Wright puffed out a large cloud of smoke. 'I mean——' said he.

'Yes, I know,' said Scott, apologetically.

He entered into his own mind and into the minds of others too much for his own happiness; he wished people to like him, but how can a self-conscious analyst, with a sense of humour and duty, receive much affection?

'He is very clever,' said Fort, 'and well instructed.'

'I should say, with a very fond mamma. I wish there were no such

relations. We owe them much trouble, and so do their sons.'

'Master Tom. for instance,' said Fort.

'I suspect that was a papa,' said Scott.

'Why?' said Fort.

'His mamma would not have thought so much about lessons, and more about manners, though she taught him his catechism, of course. Still, depend upon it, Mr. Tom is a very precise man, with an amount of humour that would make him a dull companion even to Trent. Ah! and stop a minute. His mamma only visits with county people, I expect, or with co-religionists.'

'How do you know?' said Wright.

'I don't,' said Scott. 'But Mrs. Appleton—what a mother she is! How she loves him! Appleton has a hamper twice a term, and gets sick in twelve hours after it has come; and so do many of his friends. He is not an ungenerous youth. I believe he would make me sick if I would.'

'Has Barton got lightish hair, and

large eyes, and a pale sort of face?' said Wright.

'Yes,' said Fort.

'And an unsatisfied look,' said Scott.

'Why is he not satisfied?' said Wright; 'because he is with Fort?'

'Not only that,' said Scott, 'he wants things.'

'What things?' said Wright; 'not food?'

'No,' said Scott, meditatingly, 'but everything else; because he is conceited all round and fond of applause.'

'So much the better,' said Wright, stoutly.

'It will have to come out of him,' said Scott.

'It will keep him from mischief,' said Wright.

'It will lead him to no real good,' said Scott, 'and no one will like him.'

'I don't think it makes any difference,' said Wright, who had the schoolmaster's habit of never arguing, but being content with delivering opinions.

‘Do you mean to say that no one can like a conceited man?’ said Fort, who had few general principles.

‘Only up to a certain point, and that is, where his conceit begins,’ said Scott, turning round to Fort, with an inquiring look, as much as to say, ‘What do you think of that?’ which was meant for an apology. ‘Look at Trent now,’ he continued, as there was a knock at the door, and Mr. Trent came in. ‘What is the great charm of Trent’s character? How is it that he is so popular everywhere? It is his singular humility and unselfishness. He considers himself as a groveller, and every one loves him. I am sure I do.’

Mr. Trent looked annoyed, and evidently searched for a retort. ‘It will come,’ said Scott.

‘We can wait,’ said Fort.

‘I can’t,’ said Wright, who with many others had often suffered from Mr. Trent’s complacency.

‘We will tell you what it was,’ said Fort, as Wright left the room.

CHAPTER III.

DIMIDIUM FACTI.

THE term passed, and as the examinations drew near Jemmy said :

‘ Are you going to sap exam. ? ’

‘ Yes,’ said Coddles.

‘ So shall I,’ said Barton, ‘ and Petitt is going to too ; so we can do it together.’

‘ But don’t let us have Bolton to do it with us,’ said Jemmy. ‘ He is sure to want to come.’

‘ If he comes we can go into Petitt’s study,’ said Barton.

‘ I don’t vote we do,’ said Appleton ; ‘ there’s Scribner there.’

‘ Well, if Bolton comes we can take no notice of him, and he’ll go out again,’ said Barton.

‘ I don’t believe he will,’ said Jemmy, crossly.

That evening, feeling happy and virtuous, they sat down and began the attack upon the Latin subject. Jemmy took a dictionary, and Petitt another, Barton a note-book, while Coddles sat and listened, throwing in for the common good as much learning as he could command. His information was not without its use, but it was distorted, and often misleading, and it dwelt in his mind chiefly because of circumstances which had to do, not with the language, but with the hearing of the lesson. 'Procas, King of the Albans, had two sons, Numitor and Amulius, of whom the younger reigned, Numitor having been driven out.'

'Pello,' said Coddles, 'pepuli, pulsum, pellere. It was a penal line.'

Jemmy made a mental note, Barton and Petitt knew the fact already. 'And a jolly short one.' continued Coddles. 'I always wrote it till Fort stopped me. But I went on writing it after for Trent.'

These reminiscences were not to the point, and Jemmy roughly pointed out their irrelevancy. 'But his

daughter remained: whom in order that he might deprive of offspring he made her a vestal virgin. Who nevertheless brought forth Romulus and Remus at one birth.'

'Ablative of manner,' said Coddles, rather triumphantly.

'You've got it written down,' said Jemmy contemptuously.

'I remembered it too,' said Coddles.

'Amulius being angry exposed the twins upon the river Tiber, which then by chance was flowing above its banks.'

'Its poured out banks,' said Coddles.

'Poured out above its banks,' said Barton.

Jemmy and Petitt were for a moment neutral, considering the circumstances.

'Its poured out banks,' said Coddles.

'That's no sense,' said Jemmy, who had formed his conclusion.

'Yes, it is,' said Coddles, who, in fact, did not expect any sense from the Latin language.

‘You can’t pour out a bank,’ said Jemmy impatiently.

‘Yes, you can,’ said Coddles. ‘Anyhow, it’s “poured out banks.” I remember it; I got shipped over it.’

I’etitt now added the weight of his authority, appealing, but in vain, to the principles of accidence; Jemmy relied rather upon the fitness of things, while Barton was a little contemptuous at the argument altogether. Presently all three dragged Coddles along, unconvinced but silenced. At this point came a knock at the door, and Bolton entered. Jemmy cast a reproachful glance round the party, and without taking other notice went on stolidly with the ’strue.

‘Hullo!’ said Bolton, with a sort of moist lisp which always irritated his enemies, ‘are you doing exam.?’

‘Yes,’ said Jemmy. ‘Get on, Tipper.’

Bolton went out quickly, to the relief of all; but they were conscious, some more, some less, of a certain compunction, as though they had been in-

hospitable. But the fact was that Bolton withdrew not because of their coldness, which he was slow to notice, but because he was sure that they would want him to help them or to lend them his note-book, which he thought would have been very hard lines.

Barton proceeded rather loftily: 'When the wolf rather often ran to the little ones, as if to puppies——'

'Cubs it is,' said Coddles, laughing; 'it can't be puppies.'

'Yes, it can,' said Barton, nettled at being laughed at by Coddles, and strong in his superior knowledge; 'and it isn't the wolf's puppies, it's any puppies.'

'It is the wolf's puppies,' said Coddles positively; 'that is, cubs. It would have eaten other puppies.'

'It didn't eat the boys,' said Barton angrily, feeling wrong all the time.

'It's all rot, of course,' said Coddles summarily, not feeling able to pursue the argument upon this line, 'but it's cubs all the same.'

Barton tried to get on ; he knew that he was in the wrong, but he could not bring himself to say so, and he was vexed with himself and angry with Coddles.

‘We’ve done three-quarters of a page,’ said Coddles ; ‘let’s stop now.’

‘I shall go on,’ said Barton, rather severely. The other three drew off, and Barton laboured for ten more minutes, to try to recover his self-respect ; but for days, if Coddles said ‘puppies,’ Barton would become angry. The knowledge of this was at first a great pleasure to Coddles, and he took a sincere delight in using it, until he perceived that Barton was really vexed, then with astonishment he left it off.

The examination, which seemed as though it would never come, was over at last and first day came. Let each young boy say to himself on that day, ‘Let me think and know for one steady moment how happy I am,’ else the day will pass by, and the day after it, and cause regrets that more was not made of them.

CHAPTER IV.

DISCURRERE PARES.

THE result of this diligence was that all four boys were moved from the third form, and the lower school; in consequence of which they all felt considerably more important, and eager in regard to the life of the school.

‘I like to see those four boys about together,’ said Scott, as the term went on. ‘I think they do each other good.’

‘It would be better if they did a little more work,’ said Fort. ‘Gray says they don’t do half so much as they did at the beginning of the term. Barton is an awfully sharp fellow, you know, and the rest can do pretty well; but Gray says they don’t.’

Don’t they?’ said Scott. ‘Confound them! Doesn’t Appleton?’

‘Not very,’ said Fort.

‘Nor any of the others?’ said Scott.

‘Petitt would if he were by himself,’ said Fort.

‘Well, I wish he were, then,’ said Scott. ‘At least I don’t; but I wish they would work: and I wish Barton didn’t go out with Rogers; and I wish he wouldn’t be so smart.’

‘Gray says Petitt is the best,’ said Fort, ‘and I think so too. I like him best.’

‘I don’t,’ said Scott. ‘I like Appleton best, and Petitt next; but perhaps I only like him because you can do what you like with him.’

As a matter of fact the boys were not doing enough work; their heads were full, among other things of the athletics which were coming at the end of the term.

‘I wish this term was over,’ said Bolton; ‘I shall be very glad to have dinner at the proper time again.’

‘I wish it was too,’ said Jemmy, ‘I’m sick of work. Do you want to have your dinner at the proper time

again, Coddles?' he continued, looking unpleasantly at Bolton. Coddles said nothing.

'I don't,' said Petitt. 'I want to see the athletics.'

'So do I, of course,' said Jemmy.

'I'd sooner see them than anything,' said Petitt.

'They aren't half so good as football,' said Jemmy.

'Or cricket,' said Barton.

'I'd sooner be a gentleman of the runs than anything,' said Petitt, 'or win the mile.'

'I shouldn't care to do it at all,' said Jemmy, who certainly had no chance of doing it.

'Nor I,' said Barton.

Nevertheless they both went with Petitt to train, and to their astonishment Appleton also announced his intention of training for something, but for what was apparently of no importance. It was soon evident that Petitt could run well, and that Coddles could not; still, he went steadily on with his training and did half a mile every day,

amid a certain amount of jesting, to which he paid little heed. The sports were expected with eager joy by Petitt, and with steady determination by Appleton. During the training time a hamper which arrived for him lay untouched for two days in the corner of the study, and was only opened at the desire of his friends, when it became evident that something in it was going bad. After the races, in which Coddles was tenth in the junior mile, and Petitt, to his great delight, second in the same, Coddles's hamper was as usual placed at the disposal of the study. For some days they all feasted upon it; but, perhaps for the first time since he had been at school, Coddles suffered no harm from what he ate. The pleasure which they all took in Petitt's success was great; Coddles's greatest, and Barton's least.

‘I don't think Coddles minds a bit being beaten,’ said Barton.

‘I don't think he does,’ said Jemmy.

This seemed to suggest a problem of some difficulty to Barton, who was silent. Presently he said, ‘I can't

make out why he went in. He was certain to be beaten, and all the fellows laughed at him.'

'I don't think they did,' said Jemmy, rather angrily; but he too had been a little puzzled.

In fact, it had not been pleasant to Coddles to realise that he was considered to be fond of eating, and that his cooking and shop-going were matters of general recognition. Scott's remarks every now and then had made him reflect, and certain thoughts which he had about his father. He, like all boys, was regularly made aware of the opinions of his fellows, which jarred upon these thoughts and wounded his self-respect. One result of his state of mind was shown in his running, and another in a present that he made to John—namely, of his frying-pan—the thought of which was now rather distasteful to him.

Barton had also made some trial of himself to see if he could run; but, finding that he could not distinguish himself sufficiently, he speedily ceased

his efforts, and became only a spectator, expressing in some company a slight disdain for the whole science of gymnastics. Because of this nonchalance he was sometimes in need of something to do, so much so sometimes as to surprise Jemmy by going out with Bolton. Bolton had developed a High Church tendency, which to some degree interested Barton, as forging chains which another wore, and also some social ideas with which Barton had some sympathy. It appeared that Bolton was descended from a Lord Bolton who suffered execution in the reign of Edward I., and that the proper way to spell his name was Bolleton, which Bolton the descendant was at this time somewhat tentatively adopting.

‘Come out, Bolton,’ said Barton, in the slack time before Easter.

‘All right,’ said Bolton, ‘if you will come where I want.’

‘Where?’ said Barton.

‘I want some violets,’ said Bolton.

‘All right. What’s the good of

getting violets?' he said when they had started. 'There are plenty of skites you can get to bring you flowers.'

'Well,' said Bolton with apparent hesitation, 'I want to get them myself, and send them to Mr. Carter.'

'What for?' said Barton, astonished.

'I want to help to dress the altar at All Saints' to-morrow.'

This statement overpowered even Barton, and he was silent for a time, while Bolton walked on in the feeling of sanctity.

'Do you often do it?' said Barton.

'No, not often,' said Bolton.

In fact, he had never done it before, and it was because he was asked to walk by Barton that he had resolved to do it now. But he added, 'But I expect I shall,' which was true enough.

'Did Carter ask you?' said Barton.

'No,' said Bolton; 'but I saw the Miss Knoxes sending flowers when I went there on holiday Saturday.'

They walked by the cemetery, and

met Miss Knox. Bolton took off his hat with a sense of pride. 'She sings beautifully,' he said, and he wished that he had met her coming back, that he might have told her what the violets were for.

'What's the good of flowers in church?' said Barton superciliously, perhaps a little more interested in the matter from the position of Miss Knox with regard to it.

'Oh, there ought to be flowers! There always are in proper churches,' said Bolton.

'Why?' said Barton.

'Oh, it's proper to have churches look as nice as they can! It makes services nicer, and you feel more.'

'I never feel anything in church,' said Barton.

'Oh, I do!' said Bolton, 'if the services are properly done. I don't in chapel.'

'Why not?' said Barton, who was beginning to be tired of the subject.

'We ought to have some vestments and incense; they make it nicer.'

‘How?’ said Barton, a little interested again.

‘They make you feel more impressed and solemn; besides, it’s right to have them; they are ordained by the Church.’

‘Well, somebody is in prison near us at home for having them,’ said Barton, rather angry that Bolton seemed to be laying down the law to him.

‘Yes,’ said Bolton, ‘but he ought not to be. There have always——’ And Bolton put out such knowledge as he possessed in the matter of ritual and vestments, in which Barton tried for a little to pick holes; but, finding his knowledge not sufficient, he lost his interest in the matter.

‘Look here,’ he said, ‘I’ll bet you I spot who this is coming before you do.’

The boys looked as they advanced, and Barton presently said, ‘It’s Smolecat.’

‘So it is,’ said Bolton. ‘Look at his coat; he ought to be the master of

a charity-school. I believe his father sells old clothes.'

Barton straightened himself and pulled his shirt-cuffs down as they met poor Mr. Smollet, who, all ignorant of their criticism, remarked that it was a fine day as he acknowledged their salute.

But it was the summer term that delighted Barton most. Then he had no lack of companions ; and, indeed, it is a sweet term to all—a time of sunshine and long days, of green grass and cool water, of cricket and bumping races, of flowers in the button-hole and fruits in the shop, of white flannels and smartness, of short lock-ups and merriment all through the play-time. Each day he threw himself on to the cricket-field, his soul first and his body following it, and when presently he saw his name put up for a game in flannels he would not have changed places with the Prince of Wales. His runs in that game were not many, but his satisfaction was intense, and he described the game to his friends, and particularly a certain

part of it when he held a catch, with a minuteness which somewhat wearied them. 'Come, Coddles,' he said on a by-day, 'you wait and get a ball, and I'll go and bag a wicket and get the rest.' Coddles performed his part of the arrangement, but when he came to the field he found the game made up and going. The ball with which he had expected to make himself useful was not wanted, and he had nothing to do but go away. Coddles looked at Barton, but Barton, who was in, carefully did not look at Coddles. At tea that evening Barton began, 'I got twenty,' when, looking round at his audience, he saw Coddles, and stopped. The audience was glad, but astonished. After tea Barton said, 'I'm awfully sorry, Coddles, but I couldn't help it. The other fellows were all made up but one, and they wanted me to play.' 'All right,' said Coddles.

CHAPTER V.

THE RUN. 'THERE IS MANY A SLIP.'

ON the other hand, if Barton loved the summer term most, Petitt loved the autumn, when there were runs, to which his fancy took as naturally as a duck's to water. He looked forward eagerly to the 1st of October, the day on which 'the Bog' was to be run, so eagerly that he roused the indignation of some of the boys in the house, who thought that he was taking more upon himself than was becoming for a comparatively new boy. In particular the great Jones became gradually rather indignant with his talk about running. In this branch of school-life Jones considered himself, with good reason, an authority, and piqued himself upon leading public opinion among the junior boys in the Hall on all matters

connected with it. Last year he had been killing hound, and this year he was to run as a gentleman.

‘You are too cheeky for a new fellow,’ said Jones angrily, ‘who has only been second in the junior half-mile. You’ve never been any runs, and you don’t know anything about them. You’ll find the runs will pump you pretty well, and you’d better shut up.’

‘I should have gone my first term,’ said Petitt, ‘only I wasn’t let.’

‘It wasn’t much loss,’ said Jones, ‘and you can’t be much of a runner if you weren’t let.’

When the 1st came the boys were all talking of the run. The old runners were gathering their expectations and hopes together, and the new boys listening with wonder and interest to the accounts given to them of what was coming.

‘Do you think the runs do any harm?’ said Jemmy at dinner.

‘Yes, they do,’ said one rather fat boy. ‘I heard Wright say so.’

Jones pricked up his ears. ‘Of

course they don't,' said he; 'they are the best things at the school.'

'I can't see what fun there is in them,' said Bolton, who couldn't run a yard.

'They make you very hot and dirty,' said Barton.

'Well, you can wash yourself, and get cool, and then you feel jolly,' said Jones.

'What's the good of grinding through six miles of country as hard as you can?' said Barton affectedly. 'You get nothing by it.'

'You get a hot supper,' said Petitt, answering him; 'at least you get something at the shop.'

Jones regarded him with some anger, as interfering.

'Oh, I wouldn't go for that!' said Barton.

'Nor would I,' said Petitt. 'But if I were to kill I should like it awfully.'

Jones broke in, angrily: 'You'll never kill.'

'I might,' said Petitt, thinking of the runs, and not of the company.

Jones was beginning an onslaught

upon Petitt, the exordium of which was, 'A snivelling, spindle-shanked,' when one of the small new boys said, 'What is a run?'

Jemmy was much amused with the question. 'Look here,' he said, 'this child says, "What is a run?"' and he mimicked the small tone of the speaker. 'Why,' said Jemmy, opening his eyes, 'you run twenty miles through the country as hard as you can go.'

This speech made Jones laugh; he loved fiction, though he had not the art of making it attractive himself.

'And sometimes you drop down dead,' continued Jemmy, observing with pleasure the awe-struck look of the listener.

Jones was tempted to try his hand. 'Yes, indeed,' said he—Jones was from the Principality—'very often. I swear you do,' said he, expecting to commend his statement, as the little boy gave signs of incredulity.

Petitt, who had grown angry at being often snubbed, said scornfully, 'How often?'

‘You shut up,’ said Jones, ‘or I’ll give you a licking after dinner.’

‘How often?’ said Petitt again, for he had been both now and for a long time rather badly treated.

Jones looked indignantly at him, and said, ‘Very well, I will’—and he meant to keep his word, and thought that the other richly deserved severe punishment.

As soon as dinner was over, the sound of the horn was heard pealing over the school gardens, answered by another; and the boys began to swarm out, at first only those who were not going the run, in their ordinary clothes; but, presently, a great many in flannels—when they had had time to change—with the various marks of dignity shown in shape or colour. Some were in blue knickerbockers—they belonged to the football eleven; of these some were going the run, and some intended to stay behind to play at football and cheer the run in. Others were in plain flannels and carried short sticks, on which a record of their previous runs

was kept by notches. These were the gentlemen of the runs, the twenty best runners of the last season; with the short sticks they were supposed to pull the tired hounds. Others, mostly smaller boys, were in their ordinary clothes, but without shirts or waistcoats. They were the hounds, and there were about fifty of them, for it was the first run, and a short one. Every now and then the horns are heard, blown feebly, as different friends of the whips or huntsman try their skill upon them. But hark! that is a blast better blown than the others; and again—a well-blown blast! a trumpet call! blown, is it not, by one who knows the trick of it? Yes, by one who knows the trick of it. Old Green was in the shop presiding, and but feebly, over the selling of the pastry; his hand trembled as he took the horn offered to him. He is old and deaf, and the boys make somewhat of a jest of him. As he takes the horn, he raises his figure unconsciously and stands erect, as at the word ‘Attention!’ two inches higher

than before, while his eye brightens. He laid down the horn with a saddish smile, yet prouder a little than he was before, as the boys eye him, and chaff him no more for about two minutes. For far other work had he been accustomed to sound the bugle—alas! for the days that are gone, when the old were young. But the young think little either of the past or of the future.

Now the huntsman takes his place, in red cap, stockings, and jersey; and the hounds couple up, standing in pairs, twenty-five deep. The gentlemen arrange themselves on each side, the huntsman stands at the top, the whips at the bottom. The senior whip counts the hounds and reports the number of couples to the huntsman. ‘Gently forward!’ calls the huntsman; and gently forward go the pack, to run some six or eight miles, with a few ‘all ups’ and a few walks, following a line of country settled for this run, as for all others, and not dependent upon the movements of the foxes.

As the pack moved out of sight,

a boy in flannels came quickly from his house. It was Jones, who was late, partly because he couldn't find Petitt to beat him, and partly because he had to take some penals to Mr. Marshall. 'Well run, Jones,' the stragglers cry out; and it is true, though they do not exactly mean it. Jones was sour in his temper from an unsatisfied desire to thrash, and passed on scowling. He quickly came up with the pack, and looked at once to see how Petitt was running. To his annoyance he observed that he was running very well. The light step, the long stride, the smooth breathing, the upright carriage—Jones knew the signs as well as anybody, and his desire to thrash increased upon him. Of course, he had too much professional feeling to think of gratifying it until the evening, but as he went along he made up his mind more and more particularly as to the time, place, and manner.

The first 'all up' was now reached, and, panting, one by one the hounds came up, game and anxious to get

through, if by any means they could; and last of all the junior whip, who has a hard place, running with the stragglers. 'All up, sir,' he called to the huntsman, who started again, with the senior whip by his side to open the gate for him. The huntsman is a great man, and is called 'sir' during the run; he keeps a run-book, in which the names of all the hounds are entered under dogs' names, and a minute description of each run. Roller, the huntsman, started fresh, and anxious to show his running, which was very good and made him the idol of many of the boys. He moved ahead with a long, easy, swinging stride, distancing all the rest, who looked at him and admired hugely. Next after him, when some distance had been travelled, came Jones, and close behind Jones the only hound well up, to Jones's great wrath, was Pettitt. Stride for stride his light body followed in the track of Jones, and when Jones looked back he saw that he was smiling. Jones thought that he was running jealously, and so he was, for he was

glad to show that he could run. There was a hedge to be passed, and near the hedge a gate. As Jones stuck a little in the hedge, Petitt actually passed him. Jones made savagely after him, and, catching him up at the gate, pushed against him, so that he fell; his leg was in the gate, and Jones set his foot upon it to help himself over. Jones ran on, but poor Petitt could not; there was nothing for it but to limp hopelessly home. Instead of the shouts of 'Well run, Petitt!' which he had hoped for, he had only to hear them shouted for others, when he was far away in the distant meadows, and limp back over a deserted cricket-field and into his study, to his three friends, to whom, after he had swilled, he told his story. In consideration of all the circumstances, Jones denied himself any further pleasure in connection with Petitt, and indeed for some days avoided him. Nor did he again allude to the run, excepting to take care to know that it was properly entered in the run-book that Petitt had turned out. This was

a sad humiliation to Petitt, and even Barton felt a little indignant. Petitt looked forward to the next run, but he was still lame, and couldn't go; when the next came it was so still. When he tried the next, his leg broke down of itself, so that he was once more entered as T.O., and his grief increased; but his reputation in the school was small, and few minded him, or did not accept Jones's account of the matter that it was an accident. The last day of term Jones ventured to say:

‘Well, you aren't killing hound—ha, ha!’ The company also laughed, for Jones was in high feather then in the house. He had run very well through the season, and he was considered to be the best runner in the house. Petitt's face flushed, and he said hotly:

‘You trod on me on purpose.’

‘You shouldn't get in the way,’ said Jones rather uneasily; ‘you shouldn't be so forward.’

‘You did it on purpose,’ said Petitt, still more hotly.

‘I didn't,’ said Jones, who by this

time had quite persuaded himself that this was true. 'I didn't,' he repeated still more angrily, appealing by implication for the condemnation of Petitt as a breaker of the ninth commandment, 'and you shouldn't get in the way,' and he laughed again, a little too loudly for the occasion.

CHAPTER VI.

FACILIS DESCENSUS.

SLOWLY along moved the next school year, slowly backward moved the locking-ups, slowly light stole into the day, and warmth by bounds, and then vanished again. Football began to flag, and wickets to appear, and training for the sports to begin. About the middle of March Petitt received a letter from his guardian, which bade him go before the school doctor; he went, and came out with the horrible direction that he must run no more for some time. This dismayed him, and seemed to make the future quite blank. Prayers, schemes of all kinds, were of no use; all that could be said to comfort him was that he would be quite strong and sound and fit to run by Christmas-time: until then he must

forbear. Jones, when he found that the reason of the prohibition was not that Petitt's leg was wrong, but that he had grown too fast, was rather glad to triumph over a boy who only bragged about running; it was easy to talk, Jones said, but he meant to *do*, and he ran very well at the sports, and finished third to Roller and Smithers in the two miles.

Immediately after the athletics, he joined in founding a society in which certain favourite doings of his were systematised. Rogers was president, and, perhaps partly in compliment to him, the name chosen for the club was 'Codgers.' It met for the indulgence of all those fancies which were forbidden by the school rules, and the behaviour of grown-up men, as Jones and Rogers conceived it to be, was faithfully reproduced. If it had not been for the dread that Scott might appear, or perhaps see or smell or hear something suspicious, these meetings would have given much satisfaction to some of the members. The house

generally looked shyly upon the whole affair, but towards the middle of the summer term Barton was elected a member, and began to attend the meetings. He was beginning to conceive a strong desire for that of which he had not enough to satisfy him when he was in company with his three friends—admiration. He felt often vexed with them all, but particularly with Appleton. Appleton was careless about dress, and was almost unconscious of Barton's efforts to be smart; this was annoying. Also he had a misdirected love for flowers; he had a geranium of which he was very fond, and this he used to water and make a mess with generally, and with the flowers which he brought in on Sundays, so that the study was hardly fit for a gentleman to sit in. When Barton put his sleeve into these messes or sat down in them his indignation was great, and was increased by the indifference which Appleton manifested to such disasters, indifference which was apt to pass into amusement, and then into astonishment, at a seriousness

which he really could not comprehend. As Barton attended the meetings of the society, his feeling of repugnance to that which he saw and heard there grew less and less, and presently he introduced both Jemmy and Petitt and Appleton as visitors. Appleton would not come again, upon which Barton told him that he was very welcome to stay away. Jemmy went sometimes, but refused to become a member. Petitt, who went when Jemmy went, lived in constant dread of being elected, and since the supply of boys who were willing to belong was very small, perhaps he would have been, but for the kind cruelty of Jones, who always black-balled him. The elder Bolton was secretary, and had drawn up most of the rules.

Poor Mr. Smollett, the master of the Shell, had the task of teaching most of this set of boys; but they learned nothing. Our four boys had now been two terms with him, and were lower in the form than when they entered. Barton had been offended at

once by the shabbiness of Mr. Smollett's clothes and by the company he was said to keep, which was even shabbier than his clothes. Barton considered himself superior to his master, and prided himself on being as rude as he dared and as idle. To Jemmy it was pleasanter not to work than to work, and also to Appleton, and Petitt did what the rest did.

‘Are you going to sap exam.?’ said Petitt to Jemmy a little wistfully as the summer term drew near to an end.

‘I don't think I shall,’ said Jemmy, who, with Appleton, was rowing in the second house boat. ‘It's no good, I couldn't get up.’

‘I sha'n't,’ said Barton decidedly. ‘Smolecat has gone right against me, and I won't do anything for him. He is always jawing and calling me names.’

‘Well, you're always calling him names,’ said Appleton.

‘Not to his face, so that doesn't matter. He ships me for nothing, and

what's the good of sapping all day long; what good does it do you to know the principal parts of verbs? And why are you a disgrace if you talk in top schools? It's all rot; and they call you a lot of names just to frighten you, and teach you a lot of rot just to make money out of it. Half the masters are cads. It is a disgrace to any place to have Smolecat to teach you, and Scott is nearly as bad.' Barton had begun to garnish his conversation with bad language, Jemmy had caught the habit from him, and Pettitt had taken to it when he heard the others.

'I don't think they are cads,' said Appleton; 'and I don't see the good of swearing about it.'

'I shall if I like,' said Barton.

'You only do it because Rogers does it,' said Appleton; 'and you said you didn't like it last term.'

Barton hastened to declare angrily: first, that he didn't care two pins what Rogers did; secondly, that it wasn't wrong to swear; thirdly, that he swore

for his own private delectation; fourthly, that whether he swore or not was no business of Appleton's; and fifthly, that Appleton only didn't swear because Dowding didn't—Dowding being about as unpleasant a boy to follow as any Barton could think of.

They none of them sapped exam.; and they all of them remained where they were, which troubled none of them very much; and through the next term they all pursued their old method of life, breaking rules, getting strues, using cabs, swopping verses, copying algebra, just as they had done before. They had exactly taken the measure of the work of the form, and were so thoroughly acquainted with the shifts available to those who would use them that though they were all idle there was no great appearance of mischief.

'Do pitch into those boys in your characters,' said Scott to Smollett.

'They don't do so very badly,' said Smollett.

'Why,' said Scott, 'they never work at all. Pitch into them. I

know things are going on horribly wrong. Wake up their fathers and mothers. If they don't help, or something happens, they will never get out of this mud. They are getting deeper into it every day, and all sorts of foul things lie at the bottom. They all keep out of my way now, and last holiday Saturday two of them positively went out to that electioneering vagabond's to dinner. You know who I mean—that racing villain. I don't know what will come of it.'

At the end of term the school again prepared in various ways for examination. Most of the set were prepared to take any place that came to them without repining; but Scribner, who had failed so many times that his father, a practical man, had put strong pressure upon him, felt that something must be done. Accordingly he made preparations by which he hoped to satisfy his parents. On the morning of the examination in Euclid, which came first of the subjects, he carried in, besides his writing-case, leaves of his Euclid

also, which might be consulted by him whenever he found it necessary to blot his paper. This plan he had communicated to Petitt, and, because he preferred to have a companion in his adventure, he had strongly insisted upon the benefits which would accrue to Petitt from the use of it. When Petitt was not attracted by them, he began to sneer at him for that which appeared to him, and must appear to every right-minded boy, as gross cowardice, and to show in Petitt a general sneakiness of temperament, which made him unfit to be a companion of choicer spirits. Much upbraiding of this kind induced Petitt to try to strengthen his reputation by proceedings like those of Scribner, and the two went into the Euclid examination, the one coolly calculating his chance of marks, and the other only anxious to be well out of it.

The boys generally went into this examination with pleasant anticipations. It was an interruption of regular work, and they expected gene-

rally to be able to finish their papers by about 11.15, and to be ready for anything that might turn up in the way of amusement at any time. As a rule the forms were not taken by the regular form master, and the change alone was pleasant, to say nothing of the relaxation of discipline which the presence of a stranger might produce. When the papers were handed round there was a brief silence as each boy scanned his prospect. But before Mr. Grant had reached his seat again, it seemed that there were many difficulties in the minds of the form, and ‘please sirs’ resounded from all parts of the room. Mr. Grant was uneasy. He felt that it was possible for a boy to wish to know whether he must write upon mathematical paper, but he felt also that the point settled for one should be considered as settled for all; neither was it legitimate curiosity, or even curiosity at all, which suggested the hypothetical question, ‘Supposing the examination to be done upon penal paper, what in that case would happen?’ Again, it

was possible that Smith, being short-sighted, might want more light ; but that four other boys should presently discover and maintain that they were too far from the window to do credit to examination, indicated rather a mental than a physical fact. Another boy had only a quill, and could not write with anything but a steel pen, and suddenly it appeared that there was another boy in a like condition reversed, and then at once that there were three more pairs who desired to trade upon the same terms. Mr. Grant would have been angry, but he was afraid to be, and struggled manfully to keep his temper and his dignity. Most of the boys presently settled down to work, looking to a renewal of the entertainment a little later on. ‘If any more speak,’ poor Mr. Grant had said, ‘I will punish them.’ Then Jones got up and said, ‘Please, sir, may I borrow some blotting-paper?’ It was well understood that if Jones had wanted blotting-paper under ordinary circumstances he would have made his wants

known to his neighbours, and considering that Jones anyhow had been talking freely to all his neighbours since ten o'clock, it was understood generally that his speech now was a draw. It drew Mr. Grant, and he said angrily, 'No, sit down.' Jones reaved up his forehead, and looked injured, while the boys began to titter. Mr. Grant's anger grew.

'Please, sir,' said Jones, in a tone of remonstrance, 'mayn't I borrow some blotting-paper?'

'No, sit down,' said Mr. Grant, and the boys tittered again.

'I can't get on without blotting-paper,' ventured Jones. He felt that he was sacrificing himself for notoriety and the common amusement.

'If you don't sit down, I will punish you,' said Mr. Grant.

'What for, sir?' said Jones.

'Sit down,' said Mr. Grant.

'I don't see why I should be punished for asking if I may get some blotting-paper,' grumbled Jones, now

curiously persuading himself that he was really an injured person.

‘I will give you another detention if you say any more,’ said Mr. Grant.

Jones says some more.

‘I will give you six detentions.’ Alas! for the infirmities of boys and men. Six detentions means three hours’ work. Mr. Grant was vexed with himself; he felt that he had managed badly, and left Jones a worse boy than he found him.

Let us draw a veil over the sad business.

The form, generally, was becoming more mischievous when eleven o’clock struck, and the door opened, and Mr. Fort came in. As a coach and four, when an inexperienced driver holds the reins, goes badly, and the horses rear and jump, and all is unquiet, useless, and dangerous; but when one who can drive gets on to the box, the horses settle down and do their work, and go through the pleasant country, down and up the hills, to all men’s good; so when Mr. Fort came into the room the form

settled down in a moment. The boys knew that their master was there, and that the time for frisking was over. The good boys were glad, but the bad boys watched with a feeling of something missed, the figure of Mr. Grant hastily passing out of the room. At once Mr. Fort left his seat and went to where Petitt was sitting. He laid his hand on Petitt's arm and lifted it. Underneath lay a Euclid leaf. Mr. Fort had noted it as he came up the room. There was a rustle five desks off, and a furtive withdrawal, and then Scribner looked up at Petitt, and was at liberty to enjoy the scene. He laughed, and many smiled, though most looked serious.

Poor Petitt had made up his mind to laugh, in case he was caught; he tried, but the contortion was ghastly, and he gave it up, and felt very wretched, and at last even cried.

After school the whole talk for the time was on the examination. Petitt walked apart, and Scribner came to

laugh ; but Petitt could no longer see the joke. Then Scribner abused Fort, but even here Petitt could not go with him. Scribner left him with a taunt that three hours ago would have made him miserable, but now did not move him in the least. Scribner went off to the shop, where also the boys were talking about the examination.

‘How much did you do?’

‘I did five props. and one rider,’ said Messent in a satisfied manner. He was very stupid, but he had no suspicion of it.

‘There weren’t any riders in your paper,’ said Harvey.

‘Yes, there were,’ said Messent. ‘The third question was a rider.’

‘It wasn’t. It was the sixth prop.,’ said Harvey.

‘Was it?’ said Messent. ‘I knew the sixth prop. I wish I had put it down.’ He was annoyed, but he did not lose his self-respect. ‘What did you do?’ he said to Appleton, perhaps hoping to be consoled. It appeared that Coddles, who never could manage

Euclid, had before the examination learnt five propositions, which he put down at length, without any idea as to whether they were the right ones. Even now he was on the look-out for Jemmy, in whose knowledge of Euclid he put much confidence, to ask him apart how the matter stood. Harvey, however, did as well, and Coddles found to his surprise that two out of the five were asked for in the paper. This raised his spirits, which had been damped by second lesson and Petitt's misfortune. He thought of his performance with much pleasure—which, by the way, only remained with him until the extra came on the last Monday, and Coddles was deprived of it for bad Euclid paper: a reverse that bewildered, and, for a time, irritated him. Coddles's idea of writing out a proposition, even when he had just learnt it, left much to be desired.

Presently Scribner entered the shop, and, with a laughter somewhat forced, told his tale.

‘Petitt was caught cabbing.’

‘What a joke!’ said the listeners.
‘Who caught him?’

‘Fort.’

‘What did he give him?’

‘Oh, a book of Milton, I suppose; and Petitt has been blubbing ever since,’ said Scribner, appearing to be vastly amused.

Scribner had a good deal of influence with the lower boys, and his listeners also laughed in scorn.

‘Well,’ said Coddles, who observed all this with much resentment, speaking to one of those laughing, ‘I saw you blubbing when you were shipped, and that is much worse.’

‘I didn’t,’ said the other.

‘Yes, you did,’ said Coddles.

‘When?’ said the other.

‘Last term,’ said Coddles, ‘in your history.’

‘It was only because Scott jawed me,’ said the other, who was but a little boy, ‘and I don’t believe anybody could make me blub now.’ And he reviewed his former and his present self, and felt

proud of the contrast, though a little uncertain.

‘Well, you shut up,’ said Coddles, ‘or I’ll make you blub.’

‘Ha, ha!’ laughed Scribner, and the little boy felt himself not properly supported.

‘Well, he shouldn’t have cabbed in exam.,’ said another, a bigger boy, who had been listening and laughing also.

‘No, he shouldn’t,’ said another; ‘it’s different cabbing in exam.’

Scribner laughed assentatively, and it seemed all going against Pettit. Coddles looked at Scribner as he laughed, and remembered the second lesson. He sat close to Scribner in school; and he cried out, ‘I believe you cabbed yourself, Scribner.’

‘You shut up, you little blackguard!’ said Scribner angrily, not liking the topic with these bigger boys round, and many strangers from the other houses.

‘You did,’ said Appleton, as the circumstances all came back to him, and he remembered Scribner’s move-

ments. He stepped a step nearer to Scribner, while all the boys stood still.

‘I’ll punch your head, if you say it again,’ said Scribner, working himself up into a passion.

‘You did,’ said Appleton, setting his teeth, as Scribner came near and fell upon him.

Upon the floor of the shop for two minutes there was an improper sight to be seen—these two boys standing up to each other, while the others stood round; and old Green muttered ineffectual remonstrances from behind the counter, to which no heed was paid. As the fight went on, and Coddles began to get the worst of it, while Scribner, pale and very angry, hit out freely, old Green could stand it no longer; he came out from the eatables to interfere, but, catching sight of something through the window, he changed his purpose, and said to Coddles, ‘Stick up to him; he haven’t beat you yet.’ Coddles stuck up to him, when the door opened, and a voice cried, ‘Hallo, what’s this?’ It was Pendennis, the

football player, and one of the committee; it was his week for the shop, and he had come up after second lesson.

‘Mr. Scribner, sir,’ said Green, looking angrily at the boy, who was standing pale and panting in the corner, ‘set on Mr. Appleton.’

‘And look at him, and look at the size of them,’ cried out Mrs. Cook from the kitchen, to the door of which she had come, being attracted by the noise. She was inclined to take forcible possession of Appleton, and wipe him down, and put some raw meat on his eye.

‘Look here,’ said Pendennis, ‘if any of you make any row in the shop again, I’ll have you turned out for a week.’

‘It wasn’t Mr. Appleton’s fault,’ said Green, quite irrespectively to the facts of the case; and Mrs. Cook again advanced with a basin of water. At this sight Appleton fled away, and ran to his own place, where he put himself as right as he could without making

any remark to any one. He then went into the study, where was Petitt in the greatest sorrow. His eyes were swollen too, though not so badly as Appleton's.

'What's the matter, Coddles?' whimpered Petitt, when he saw him.

'Oh, nothing,' said Appleton, 'only I had a row with Scribner.'

'Where?' said Petitt.

'In the shop,' said Appleton, not desirous of further questions; and he went and sat down by the window.

Petitt said, 'What about?'

'Nothing particular,' said Appleton rather shortly. 'He's such a beast, and tells lies.'

Petitt would have liked to ask more, but he did not. He felt vexed with Appleton for being so short with him, and not speaking to him in his trouble, and he thought bitterly that his friends were falling from him in his misfortune. With this thought in his mind he went out and sauntered sadly along the edge of the cricket-field, feeling that the boys generally looked at him more than usual. And this

they did, for the whole affair had become notorious. At the corner of the field was Jemmy, and he went and stood near him. Jemmy came up to him, and said, 'I say, I'm sorry you got caught. I wish it had been that beast Scribner instead.'

Petitt looked very sad, and said, 'Thank you, Jemmy. I thought you wouldn't speak to me. Coddles won't.'

'Coddles won't,' said Jemmy; 'what do you mean?'

'Why, he came into the study just now, and would hardly look at me. And when I asked him what was the matter with his face he wouldn't tell me.'

Jemmy looked at him with a strange expression upon his face, and said, 'Why, haven't you heard?'

'What?' said Petitt.

'Why, he fought Scribner in the shop sticking up for you, and that's why he wouldn't tell you.'

Petitt felt amazed. The notion that anybody stuck up for him, and actually fought about it, almost shocked him,

and his ingratitude vexed him sadly. He said nothing till Jemmy said, 'I think he is the nicest fellow in the school.'

'So do I,' said Petitt, and, taking courage, he began to consider how he could repay in some way for his own pleasure and chivalry so amazing. He went to the matron in his house and said :

'Please, Mrs. Martin, do you know anything good for bruises?'

Mrs. Martin, after an attempt to get some information about these bruises, which was foiled with difficulty by Petitt, discovered a knowledge of a balsam, which was Eastern in its origin and wonderful in effect. It was to be had for 3s. in a small pot from any chemist's. Petitt came away and reflected. The chemist's was out of bounds, and he was in trouble with the masters already; but then the recollection of Coddles came upon him, and he ran off and over the bridge. He returned in ten minutes with the pot in his hand, and handed it to Coddles,

saying, ‘ Here, Coddles ! ’ As Coddles anointed himself, Petitt gradually recovered his spirits ; and when Coddles pronounced his face quite comfortable, Petitt felt almost happy.

CHAPTER VII.

NATURAM EXPELLAS FURCA.

‘LOOK here,’ said Fort, coming into Scott’s rooms, ‘I caught Petitt cabbing this morning.’

‘And look here,’ said Scott, ‘I caught Petitt out of bounds just before dinner.’

The two were still, Scott thinking and Fort waiting. Presently Scott said, ‘Have you spoken to him?’

‘No,’ said Fort. ‘Have you?’

‘No,’ said Scott, ‘and he doesn’t know I saw him. It’s a rum thing,’ continued Scott, reflecting. ‘I can’t understand it. He isn’t that sort of boy, and can’t be.’

‘What sort?’ said Fort.

‘Reckless or indifferent,’ said Scott.

‘Look here,’ again said Fort, ‘some one has been mauling Appleton.’

‘Have they?’ said Scott rather angrily.

‘Yes; and some one has planted a sort of blow on the eye of Scribner.’

‘Appleton?’ said Scott, as though he hoped it.

‘I don’t know,’ said Fort. ‘Have you not heard anything about it?’

‘No,’ said Scott; ‘how should I?’

‘I don’t know,’ said Fort; ‘I thought you might.’

‘Well, I haven’t,’ said Scott, still pondering. ‘I wonder what it was about? I hope Appleton wasn’t licked.’

‘He was mauled,’ said Fort.

‘Well,’ said Scott, ‘do you mind letting me see Petitt before you see him, and letting your punishment depend upon what I say?’

‘All right,’ said Fort, who never minded anything Scott asked him.

‘Petitt,’ said Jemmy, coming into the study after calling over in the evening, ‘Scott wants you.’

‘What for?’ said Petitt, as his heart sank within him.

‘I don’t know,’ said Jemmy.

Petitt found Scott seated at his writing-table. As Petitt came in, Scott looked at him apparently carelessly, and said kindly, 'Oh, Petitt, sit down.' Then was silent, while Petitt sat down, and presently began in a kind tone :

'What is that I hear about you having copied your Euclid this morning?'

Petitt made no answer, but looked down and felt miserable.

'Did you?' said Scott. Petitt might have said nothing, or he might have said 'No,' or that all the wrong he did was to have a leaf there, and that he didn't mean to copy. He might have let his mind run on Scribner, and thought how he could get in, 'Some one tempted me, and I did copy.' But he said in a very low, miserable voice, 'Yes.'

'Ought you to have done it?' said Scott.

'No,' said the boy.

'Why not?' said Scott.

The boy was silent.

‘Let me tell you,’ said Scott, ‘one of the worst things that can happen to a boy or man is that he should not be trusted. One of the first characteristics of a gentleman is that he should be truthful and straightforward. No gain can compensate him for losing these qualities. Is not this true?’

Tears began to fill the boy’s eyes as he said, ‘Yes.’

‘You must be a gentleman, Petitt,’ said he. ‘You must tell the truth as you do now, and never be conscious of things you would not have all the world know. You feel sorry for this, not only because you have been found out, but because you did a thing a good boy shouldn’t. Isn’t that so?’ Petitt whimpered out, ‘Yes.’ ‘The iron is hot,’ thought Scott. ‘Now,’ said he, ‘this is a good time to think about yourself in other matters also. Is not that of which we have been speaking the outcome of many little wrong things? Think of your marks in school, the number of punishments you have, of extras you have missed,

and many things which you may know, though I do not ; and say whether I am not right in thinking that you are not getting on in school as your best friends would like you to get on.'

The boy sat and appeared to think ; but, in fact, there was no need for him to think, neither could he have thought then.

'I am right ?' said Scott. 'Then let us alter it. You shall try more from this time, and you shall let me help you to do what you wish.'

This prospect was pleasant now to the boy. Six months before he would have been comparatively indifferent to it. It was necessary for him that, being predisposed, he should, as it were, have the sickness, and then, being pained by it, be glad of a remedy.

Scott continued : 'Think also of the harm which you may do by example. Think of your friends. You have some good friends—me, for instance—and also among the boys. You would not have them hurt. And if it seems that they are before you in idleness, or

in doing the wrong things I speak of, still you by following encourage them. And depend upon it, if their friendship is worth having, they will not think the less of you for trying to do as you ought. And if you have some friends whose friendship is not worthy of you, draw yourself away from them. Had you not better ?’

‘ Yes,’ said the boy.

‘ I do not mean by being rude to them, but by removing your habits and thoughts from theirs, so that there can be no close companionship between you.’ Petitt hardly understood; he said nothing, and there was a pause, while Scott thought whether he should speak about the being out of bounds. Petitt didn’t know that he had been seen, and the colloquy had gone on so well, and been so friendly, it seemed a pity to bring another dreadful offence into the offing. Still, there might be some mischief behind, and after a pause Scott said quietly, ‘ Petitt, there is something else I want to say. How did you come to go out of bounds this

morning?' Petitt looked down and felt as if his goodness were all being blown away again.

'How was it?' said Scott uneasily, while he thought 'Perhaps the boy is hypocritical or hopelessly weak.'

'I wanted to get something,' said Petitt.

Scott felt more easy; there was not much wrong, whatever it was, and it was coming out.

'Anything I shouldn't like you to get?'

Petitt looked up, and said with some embarrassment, 'No, sir.'

He would have liked to tell, but there were reasons why he should not. Scott thought for a minute. 'Should he press him? There was some mystery, it was evident; was there any harm in it?' He knew that he would be uneasy if Petitt did not tell him, and the boy evidently would tell him if he were pressed a little. 'He must trust me,' thought Scott, and said aloud:

'If you do not like to tell me, I

shall not press the matter, but I should like to know.'

'It was something for Appleton,' said Petitt, blushing scarlet.

Light began to dawn upon Mr. Scott, and his intelligence. He said:

'Appleton has been hurt to-day.'

'Yes,' said Petitt, looking very uncomfortable.

'Petitt can't have done it,' thought Scott, noting for the first time the boy's strong make and sinewy limbs. He looked his face all over, and was glad when he saw no mark. He was puzzled. The boy was evidently not inclined to be communicative, and yet Scott wanted to know, that he might understand the relations between the boys.

'In the face,' he continued aloud, to gain time to keep the conversation where it was.

'He fell?' he said. Petitt made some inarticulate answer, and Scott felt ashamed of himself. He would have liked to make a guess and speak of Scribner, but he was afraid, so he

said quickly, 'Well, never mind; I hope Appleton is all right now.'

'Yes, sir,' said Petitt readily.

'Don't forget all I have said,' said Scott. 'As to what you did, you must of course expect punishment. but don't let it make you less determined to do what is right.'

'No, sir,' said the boy.

'And Mr. Fort will punish you, I suppose,' said Scott. The boy looked down, and said nothing.

'Petitt,' said Scott suddenly, 'I could pass your going out of bounds by if you will try to keep to all you have said and felt this evening. Will you?'

'Yes, sir,' said the boy, glad, of course, not to be overwhelmed with punishment, but willing to undergo it. They shook hands, and Petitt went down the stairs happy. The only black spot on the future was the list and Mr. Fort's punishment upon it. When he got back to the house the small boys were going to bed. 'What did he want you for?' said those in the

passage. Petitt passed on without speaking; they could see that he had been crying. 'He has been jawed, of course, and has been blubbing,' said Crunch summarily, whose opinion of boys that blubbed was generally bad.

As soon as Petitt was out of hearing Scott went to Fort's room in high spirits, and said, 'Look here, Petitt is all right, you know. He went out of bounds to get an alabaster—I mean, some ointment for Appleton; standing himself in what relation exactly to Appleton's bruises I'm not informed. Appleton is certainly the possessor, that is a fact; but whether Petitt is the author, that is not shown, but disbelieved.'

'It is Scribner, I tell you,' said Fort. 'I met Green going home this evening, and he told me all about it. They had a row in the shop, and Penedennis came and stopped them.'

'What about?' said Scott, much interested.

'Green is too deaf to know, or too clever—I don't know which; but I

think deaf. But he insists that Appleton was in the right all the same, in which opinion he is supported by Mrs. Cook.'

'Let me construct a romance,' said Scott. 'The young Petitt cabs in exam., led to it by his familiar demon Scribner; the demon mocks at his victim, and Appleton μεταξὺ δειπνῶν blackguards the demon, and like many others who try it gets somewhat the worst of it, until Pendennis, he to the rescue came. So that is done with, and Petitt says he will be a good boy, though perhaps he won't.'

'What am I to do about the cabling?' said Fort.

'Give him a book of Milton,' said Scott, 'and don't put it on the list, but tell Smollett to read it out quickly when the list comes round, and tell Marshall to take it hospitably and quietly, having given him private notice. It will be all done in two days.'

'The boys were making a dreadful row when I went into Smollett's form

at half second lesson this morning,' said Fort.

'Who was taking them?' said Scott. 'Grant, I suppose.'

'You are right,' said Fort. 'The list will be full to-morrow morning.'

'He isn't a bad fellow,' said Scott. 'What a pity it is he can't manage a form! Who was making the row? Any of our house boys?'

'Jones, when I got in.'

'Oh, well, Jones may catch it as hot as he likes; it will do him good. If it had been any one else, I should have hoped for an amnesty. I only hope Grant didn't show that he was drawn.'

'He was very red when I came in,' said Fort.

'Was he? the villain!' said Scott. 'I expect he has made an ass of himself.'

'I think he is going to do it in another way,' said Fort.

'What is that?' said Scott.

'I met him again to-day with Miss Muloch.'

'Did you?' said Scott. 'My dear

Fort, when shall I be able to make you believe that to be with Miss Muloch, or any other young lady, is not to make an ass of yourself?’

Fort laughed, since women did not seem to enter into Scott’s environment at all; and Scott continued, ‘And this particular enterprise is very suitable indeed. Miss Muloch is a smart young person, and she has, so the people say, coin. And she may teach Grant how to manage the boys, which will be a good thing decidedly. He shall not die a bachelor, for all your miserable misogyny; I will show him on myself in spite of it.’

‘I do not expect, then, that he will live to be married,’ said Fort, smiling.

Scott went back to his room. He took an old manuscript book from a back shelf, and, turning over its yellow pages, came to a place where was written :

DESIDERIUM.

It is to sit and want and not to have,
To sit and want with the whole heart and soul,
To know that what you want and only that
Will make you happy and yet not to have.

To think of what you want, and have it not;
To see it in your thoughts, yet not to have it,
To hear it always, whosoever speaks,
Whatever sounds there are, yet not to have.
To dream you have it, happy, then awake
And call to it and know you have it not.
And other things you might have, and at times
Can wish for, and the other wish seems dead.
And when you have them, and should be content,
Back comes the other wish and speaks to you,
And you are bound to hear, and in your heart
All liking dies away for what you have,
And you are dead alive for what you have not.
And where you were before there you are now,
Captived and miserable, and again you sit,
And want with all your soul, but have it not.

He laughed a little as he read, and
laughed a little more contemptuously
as he turned over the pages and read a
little further on :

‘ Can you love me,’ said he,
 ‘ Faithfully,
Yon so great a lady,
 One like me ? ’

‘ Yes,’ she answered, creeping
 Close to him,
While his heart was leaping,
 His eyes dim.

‘ Yes, in living, dying,’
 Answered she,
On his bosom lying,
 ‘ Faithfully.’

As he read, he looked round as though he were afraid some one was coming into the room. Doubtless the quality of the verses vexed him, but there was something else besides. He had been foolish to write them, but that was a slight matter compared with his folly in being in the condition to write them. He turned over some more pages and read :

Seek wasps with honey laden,
Seek oaks that zephyrs bend,
But not a truthful maiden,
Or a poor man with a friend.

False is the snake that hisses,
Or a whining beggar's call,
But a maid that smiles and kisses,
Is the falsest thing of all.

He put the book into the fire, and watched it burn with somewhat of a savage air ; and said to himself, ' Well, never mind ; I have done something to-night, though I dare say any one else could have done it as well. I will do some more some day, and get at the other three. Ha, ha ! I have a better wife than a woman—one that will stick to me.'

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ATHLETICS.

‘WHO is going to get their removes, Smollett?’ said Scott at the end of the Christmas term, with a school list in his hand.

‘I don’t know,’ said Smollett.

‘*Is James, or Barton, or Appleton, or Petitt?*’ said Scott desperately.

Mr. Smollett shook his head at each name. ‘I can’t get them to work; I do try. I can’t get on with Barton at all; and the other three are very lazy. I don’t punish them much—it’s no good; but I can’t get hold of them.’

‘Perhaps you might get hold of Barton if you had a new coat, my dear Smollett,’ said Scott. ‘This coat of yours is really very shabby.’

‘I don’t think it’s that,’ said Smollett simply. ‘Is it very shabby?’

‘Yes,’ said Scott, ‘and here are the marks of your district upon it. I can see the shape on it of Peter Mack, as he sits in your lap and you feed him.’

‘I don’t feed him,’ said Smollett, ‘and he doesn’t sit in my lap. You mock me, Scott. But I’ll get a new coat.’

‘I wish you would get hold of these boys; they really are getting worse and worse. I think you might send them all up, or I wish you’d ask them out on holiday Saturday, or something. It is monstrous that they should be in the same set with Rogers. Rogers is simply capable of anything. I wonder Smith doesn’t send him away. They are constantly, one or other of them, in some of those off studies with that lot, and I can’t make out why; but of course it is all wrong. They keep me in a constant fidget; they will go wrong, and they aren’t bad boys—at least they weren’t—and I think Barton really the cleverest boy in the school.’

‘He is rather underbred, isn’t he?’ said Smollett. ‘He seems so to me.’

‘Oh yes,’ said Scott pettishly, ‘but he might do still, if we could get hold of him. I don’t know what is to do it. Perhaps the small-pox, or something that would hopelessly disfigure him, or make him feel foolish. There they go; look at them, just as though there were no lessons to be done, and it is nearly three o’clock. Jones hates Petitt, I believe—that’s one good thing; but Petitt is slipping back again to be idle after his row last term. If the others would work he would. I think I’ll write to Appleton’s father; he is the best, I think,’ and Scott walked moodily away.

It was true that Jones hated Petitt; and it was also true that Petitt had not much credit through the school. He had cabbled in examination, and had then broken down hopelessly before authority, and created that appearance of wishing both to hunt with the hounds as well as run with the hare which must make a boy unpopular. The boys hardly knew whether they disliked his fault or his forgotten repent-

ance more ; the two together offended almost everybody. He had no achievement of any kind to fall back upon for respect from himself or from any one else. His running, of which he had talked, had never been more than talked of, and if it had not been for his three friends, his life would have been sad ; but they all stuck closely to him, performing that part of friendship well enough, though he caught enough idleness from them to counterbalance the benefit of their kindness.

When the athletics came at the end of the Easter term, of course Jones was very prominent. He ran well, and trained as carefully as is usual with boys ; that is, he abstained from pudding and pastry, and did his distance every day. He also made a great confidant of a professional runner in the town, who, somewhat to the scandal of the House, even came up one day on to the field to coach him in running. He was the favourite for the two miles. The huntsman was not to run in it ; he had won it the year before, and now

was only to look on, giving the benefit of his advice and patronage to the one whom he delighted to honour. This would most likely have been Jones, for he had been killing gentleman last season; a huntsman likes his killing gentleman, from a feeling of common loyalty to the runs, particularly if the killing gentleman is not too near him in point of excellence. But Roller did not like Jones, and paid very little attention to his running.

‘That fellow Jones is sure of the two miles; there is no one can touch him,’ he said to Smithers, as they were sauntering along the cricket-field. ‘He used to run close to me, and in the “long” I could scarcely shake him off. I wish some one would lick him; he is such a cad. He cottons to me, but he bullies the little fellows, I believe.’

‘Did you ever hear anything about him in the runs? about his not running fairly a year ago?’ said Smithers.

‘What?’ said Roller.

‘About his treading on that little

beggar in Howlett's that was lame all through the runs ?'

'No.'

'I believe he did. The fellows in my room told me all about it ; they say he trod on him on purpose, because they had a row before the run.'

'I dare say he did,' said Roller. 'He's cad enough for anything ; though I should think he would be afraid to do that. He's a good runner, you know,' as at that minute Jones passed them spurting in the last lap of the two miles. Presently there was a laugh among those looking on, as Coddles came out. He was going in for the junior mile, and was commonly reported to do it in nine minutes. 'When at his best,' said Jemmy, his trainer. 'And what at his worst ?' asked the company. 'Time not taken, no object ; in fact, we had to come away for calling over—hadn't we, Coddles ?' Coddles went round, however, in a steady, determined manner, and seemed less intent upon his slowness than any of the spectators. He went the whole

mile very slowly, but tried to spurt at the end. 'Well run, Appleton!' said the huntsman, with a smile upon his face. 'Well run, Coddles!' 'You're gaining;' '2 to 1 on Coddles,' cried the field; but this chaff did not go very far, for it was known that Coddles did not think much of himself.

'What was the time?' he gasped out.

'Seven and three quarters,' said Jemmy.

Coddles looked a little disappointed, and resumed his coat. Then the boys surged round towards the leaping-bar, where the bar was at 4 feet 10 inches, and five boys were trying to clear it. Then to the weight, then the long jump, then the hurdles, according to the merit of the boy who came out to try in each.

The first day of the athletics at last arrived, when each boy was to stand at the line, and take the result which his prowess brought him. No artificial distinctions have force at these times; there is no talk and no pretence; it is all action. Neither a man nor a boy can be first in a race, or make runs at

cricket, or good passes at football, by putting on a good coat and telling you who his father was. The glory comes in games to those who are swift and strong and skilful, as in school work to those who are diligent and quick. In so far as it is not the prize that tempts you, it is as good and noble a thing as ambition can be to wish to win; and to be ambitious is as far as most boys can get.

At 2.30 the course-bell rang, and the boys had all come out—the young ones almost all in flannels; of the big ones some not in flannels, though they were presently to run; the huntsman in his red cap. Many of the masters helped at the judging and the starting, and their remarks were carefully listened to by the boys who stood near them.

The mile was run on the first day, both the junior and the senior. The senior was won by Roller, amid great cheering; the time was very good, and the boys felt proud, every one of them, at the good running of their

best man. Coddles went his rounds in the junior mile with the same determination which he had displayed in training; Jemmy told him often while the race was going on that he was running better than ever, but he was exactly one minute and thirty seconds behind the winner. He put on his things composedly, though perhaps he was a little downhearted for a moment, and presently resumed his place among the spectators with undiminished enjoyment and interest in the rest of the competitions. On the second day the two miles was run. Exactly at 3.30 the five competitors stood at the line. These were Jones and three others well known in the runs, and Petitt, who felt very forlorn. Jemmy Barton and Coddles stood by him, the only ones who took any notice of him; in fact, he had no other friends, or so few that he had hardly cared to train upon the field at all. Jones was to win; he knew that he could; he had beaten the three boys by fifty yards in a mile. Petitt he did not

think of, excepting with his usual dislike, not as one who might pass him.

At the word 'go,' as the runners moved off with that gait which indicates reserved power, Jones went to the front; the race was his, to make the pace and win it, and for a lap he sailed away, increasing his lead. As he neared the distance again, where the spectators were thickest, he heard his name called loudly, 'Well run, Jones!' He reared his head, and ran still better along the line of ladies. 'Steady!' cried his trainer, who was running inside with him. Indeed, he had need to say so, as Jones felt when the distance was passed; because it is the pace that kills, and two miles is a long way to run if you lose your wind and are pressed. When he was settling down into his proper form again he heard the cries from the spectators as the others passed, 'Well run, Smithers!' 'Well run, Jasper!' 'Well run, Petitt!' He smiled within himself to think how far ahead he was. Again full of running, he passed the crowd, and in the

excitement of their applause he threw up his head and danced along like the horse in Homer. The shouts for him were dying away before he heard the cries for the others, 'Well run, Smithers!' 'Well run, Petitt!' 'Well run, Jasper!' Jones noted the changed order, and moved on faster almost unconsciously, desiring to put more space between himself and the boy whom he hated most because he had injured him. He did not look behind him; he was skilled in the observances of the course and knew the folly of it; but at the next lap, when he was still going at his best, he heard the cry of 'Well run, Petitt!' no longer in tones of languid encouragement, but hotly from fifty throats at once; and the sharp cry of Roller Jones heard above them all. Petitt heard it too, and it pleased him more than all the other cries, for it was Roller in whose pack he had disgraced himself by turning out, and in whose book he was twice entered as a failure. 'He knows I can run,' said the boy to himself, and the indignation

long stored up in him shot through him; he quickened his stride and lessened still more the distance between himself and Jones. Now the figure of Jones was full in his view—every stride he took; he noted the head turned back, the rolling gait, the stride shortened, and ‘Last lap!’ was shouted in his ear as he passed by the master at the post. He set his teeth, clasped his hands upon his corks, and after Jones he went, every muscle in his body strained to win. He had but three friends to be with him when the race began, but now thirty were running by his side and crying ‘Petitt!’ Inside and closest to him were the faithful Jemmy and Coddles, and not far off Barton, all hoarse with shouting, and mad with joy as he came up hand over hand, and, passing Jones in the last forty yards, amid the shouting of the whole field, won, and rested upon the shoulders of his friends. When he had got his wind again, Roller came, and spoke a few words of even enthusiastic praise, and so did scores more, and he felt

happier than he had ever felt in his life before.

‘Our stable wins,’ whispered Scott to Fort. ‘We clear 100,000*l.*; the other party nearly bankrupt.’

CHAPTER IX.

UNUS DE MULTIS.

AFTER this Petitt held a good place once more in the estimation of the boys. Jones and Scribner did not like him better, but they could not oppress him as before; he had regained his self-respect, and felt himself out of their reach and stronger, and acquired a more manly tone. In school, indeed, things were much as before; in fact, neither he nor Jemmy nor Barton cared to try for their remove out of the shell. The reports they took home brought them no great blame. Petitt's father was in India; James's father did not seem to have much regard for them; and Barton's father seemed too pre-occupied to notice them at all. The three boys only desired to have the summer term free from all unnecessary

labour, and regarded the coming examination with absolute indifference. It did not please them, however, to see Appleton begin to work steadily for it. He had a letter from his father, after reading which he began. When they saw him doing something which they knew they ought to do, they felt a little vexed with him, and encouraged a feeling that he was breaking from them and behaving unkindly towards them.

‘You might as well come out, Coddles,’ said Jemmy, feeling that Coddles was behaving rather shabbily by staying in. ‘It’s no good going on sapping; we are none of us going to, and you needn’t.’

‘I shouldn’t sap, only my governor wants me to,’ said Coddles, who felt a little vexed at Jemmy’s tone. In the holidays also he worked, and, when placing day came, he went up into the fifth, while the other three remained in the shell. This severance caused quite a shock; for the first time they were not all four in the same form with the same lessons to learn. Appleton felt uncom-

fortable at leaving his friends; he said, apologetically, 'I shouldn't have sapped, only my governor wanted me to.'

'Well, I congratulate you, you know,' said Jemmy. 'I don't mind, only I wish we were all together; we should have had a jolly term.'

'I congratulate you, Coddles,' said Petitt; 'I wish I had sapped.' He thought with a little resentment of the matter, as though he had been too true to his friends to try to get up.

'I congratulate you,' said Barton, with a little sneer. It was rather a vexation to him to be topped by Coddles, though Coddles was much older than he. 'I suppose we might all have done it, if we had chosen.'

Coddles felt unhappy in his remove, and that his friends were at a little distance from him. In the holidays his father had spoken to him about his duties as a bigger boy at school; about the place which a bigger boy ought to take, the ideas which he ought to maintain, the side which he ought to support. Coddles, who loved and respected his

father above everything else, had listened and understood; the kindred spark in his own nature had been lighted, and he came back to school with a high feeling and a strange desire to do his duty completely, while the old influences which had once affected him had loosened their hold upon him. He could not produce the same impression upon his friends that his father had produced upon him; they could not very well understand the new point of view from which he was beginning to see things. He talked a little of what he thought, in a rather clumsy way, and Petitt felt influenced, though he said little; but Appleton was argued out by the other two, and Petitt rather practised along with them, being their form fellow. It never occurred to Appleton to desert his principles, though he felt very sad at a kind of feeling that he had, that his friends were a little cooler with him than in old times.

Just after placing day Scott sent for him, and congratulated him upon his place. He said, ‘ You will be in a

new form, and will find in it a change from the old work.'

'Yes, sir,' said Appleton. In fact, he felt very much afraid that the work would be too hard for him; still he meant to do it.

'You have left behind you many burdens since you came to school; I should like to lighten this one a little,' said Scott. 'I should be sorry if the efforts you made to get up were only to oppress you. I should like you to come to me a little and do some of your work with me, if you will.'

This was exceedingly pleasant to Appleton, and he said so very readily.

'Well, then,' said Scott, 'let us look at your time-table, and see what are the best nights for you to come.'

They looked at it, and Scott said, 'Shall we say Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, after top schools?—those seem the worst nights.'

'Yes, sir,' said Appleton.

'There is one thing I should like to say to you,' said Scott. 'I dare say I needn't, but still I will. Don't use

any translations or improper helps to your lessons ; they don't do you any good, or I wouldn't ask you.'

'I never do now,' said Appleton.

'I thought you didn't,' said Scott, perhaps rather stretching the truth in compunction ; 'and so much the better. Put everything of that kind away from you ; will you, then ?'

'Yes, sir,' said Appleton.

'And there is just another thing I should like to say. A boy may do what he ought himself, and it is so much the better for him ; but it is also so much the better for those about him. I want you not only in work, but in playtime also, to do your duty, and to try as far as you can to get others to do it also. Not by preaching to them, or anything of that kind' (fancy Appleton preaching, thought Scott), 'but by being steadfast yourself, and allowing yourself not at all to bend to idleness or wrong, or in any way to encourage them to do it.' Scott looked at the steadfast, good face before him, and felt a better man for it.

‘Yes, sir,’ said Appleton. That which Scott had said was very like that which he had heard from his father, and he readily acquiesced in it, and promised; and what he promised he meant to keep to, and would keep to any time throughout his life. So Scott felt as he looked at him, with a satisfaction evident in his face, but not understood by Appleton.

‘One thing more,’ said Scott: ‘this that I have said to you about translations and improper helps, don’t mention to anybody that I said anything about them, will you please? I don’t like boys to know that I speak of them, or suppose they are used, without making vigorous inquiry, and punishing, and so on.’

‘No, sir, I won’t say anything about it,’ said the boy, and went away feeling pleasure. Scott thought to himself: ‘He is as good as can be, but he can’t influence those boys enough. What is to?’

When the evening came, instead of being in the study to laugh and talk as

usual, Appleton was away. When the boys found that he had been with Scott, and that it was settled that he should go three times a week, they felt a little vexed. Petitt would have liked to go too; Barton was a little vexed that Scott took more notice of Appleton than of him, though, of course, he didn't say so, but sneered at the whole business; and Jemmy felt that Appleton was moving more and more into ideas with which he had never had much sympathy.

Now it happened after about four weeks of the term that the shell were to begin to read a new subject—the Hecuba—and that Appleton had in his locker a cab to Euripides containing this play. As soon as the announcement was made in form, the same idea occurred to James and Barton at once, that Appleton had the cab; they had all used it often last term, and it had come to be considered as common property. Jemmy looked up at Barton and winked with one eye, and Barton replied by winking both, while a faint

smile glimmered upon his face. As soon as they got out of school they went straight to the study, and there was Appleton, who had just come out.

‘We’ve got to do the Hecuba,’ said Jemmy to him. ‘It’s in that cab, I know; let’s look at it,’ and he went to the locker and took down the book.

‘It’s all right,’ he said, ‘here it is; it’s a long play, and we’re all right till the end of term,’ and he and Barton went out of the study. When they had gone, Appleton sat in great perplexity; it seemed to him that, as the owner of this cab, he was providing them with the means of idleness—that he was taking the other side to that which he had taken by promise with Scott and with his father. He took the cab up and put it back in his locker. It lay there untouched for two or three days, for the new play was not to be begun for a week. It was unseen, but all the while it was a sore trouble to Appleton, one of the first he had ever had in his life. The thought of what had been said to him,

and what he had promised, was always in his mind, and after about three days he went with the book one day and put it into the river; and very miserable he felt afterwards. When the night came on which the preparation of the Hecuba was to be begun, Jemmy went to the locker for it.

‘I say,’ he said, ‘where’s the Hecuba cab?’

Appleton said nothing. Jemmy looked at him and said, ‘Do you know where it is?’

‘I put it away,’ said Appleton.

‘Well, fetch it out,’ said Jemmy.

Appleton felt wretched; but he was brave enough. He said:

‘I didn’t want you to have it, and so I threw it away.’

Barton looked up angrily. ‘What the devil——?’ he said, while Jemmy stared in amazement changing into anger, and Petitt looked on aghast.

‘What did you do it for?’ said Barton.

‘I didn’t want you to have it,’ said Appleton, slowly and downcast.

‘D—n you,’ said Barton, very angry. He had never sworn at Appleton in anger before. Appleton was angry at this, but he could not resent it; their point of view was too well known to him.

‘I promised——’ said Appleton, and then he stopped, remembering his promise to Scott, and thought with dismay that he couldn’t give himself even this little piece of justification.

‘Well, of all mean, dirty things to do, I never thought you would do anything like that,’ said Jemmy, as he stood up in anger and amazement, while Barton’s eyes sparkled with rage. Appleton got up and left the study. He was too miserable to endure it, and he did not know what to do or say. When he left, the anger of the two did not abate. Petitt put in once a feeble word:

‘Perhaps he thinks he ought.’

‘Ought!’ said Jemmy, with a rush of rage. ‘Why ought he? Why should he dictate to us whether we shall use

cabs? He used to ; and it was our cab as much as his.'

'He's a d—d sneak,' said Barton, 'and goes along with Scott; and I'll never speak to him again.'

'Nor I,' said Jemmy, 'and we shall all be shipped;' and in their excitement they promised, Petitt half-promising with them, that they would never speak to Appleton again; it being implied, perhaps, until he made amends in some way or other not then specified.

This happened on Friday evening; and on Saturday Barton and Petitt were both put on, and they were both turned. Barton received his punishment, which was heavy, with a kind of savage glee, and Petitt began to feel that Appleton had behaved very unkindly and done him a wrong. Saturday was a miserable day for Appleton. The story began to get about, and his behaviour was not, of course, well received; but he did not care so much for that—it was the estrangement from his friends that he felt. He could very easily put himself

in their place, and the knowledge of their feelings made him humble against their anger. On Sunday Appleton went sadly about by himself, with his eyes fixed on the ground, the most miserable boy in the school. On Sunday afternoon, when either all four or three of them had been accustomed for years now to go for a walk, the sorrow in his heart was, if possible, a little greater, as he watched Jemmy and Petitt set out together, and presently Barton go off with Dawton. He stood sadly and disconsolately at the house door. When Jemmy and Petitt had gone some way, they looked back, and saw him standing alone, and Petitt's heart smote him.

‘Let's go and ask him,’ he said.

‘I won't,’ said Jemmy, and he went through the justifications for his anger until in himself, and partly in Petitt also, compassion died away. Coddles strolled out aimlessly by himself; as he wandered alone, each hour seemed to him as six, so desolate and hurt was he. Presently he met a boy named

Clarry, and walked with him some way. Clarry was going to buy plums at a cottage, and Appleton went in with him. In the cottage there were children, one sitting in the doorway, pale and weak, and one lying red in a corner of the room; the room was very hot. They stayed some time choosing the fruit, though the woman seemed tired and worn, and anxious to get them out of the house. They walked on a little further, and, as they passed the house coming back, they noticed that the gate was tied with a rope. Clarry ate his plums, but Appleton had no desire for plums or anything else. He was so miserable in the evening that Petitt's heart was again touched, and he begged Jemmy to speak to him. 'I won't,' said Jemmy; 'I won't speak to him till he apologises.' Ah, Jemmy, he never, never will! So the dreary week went on—dreary to all four, dreary even to Barton; very dreary to Jemmy, who several times felt as though he would like to make it up, but when the circumstances came to his recollection he

became too angry, and was kept in his mood by the greater steadiness of Barton; very painful for Petitt, who had forgiven Appleton all he had to forgive long ago, but couldn't put things right while the others held out; but most dreary and most painful to Appleton. He was often out of the study and in the hall or library, where he sat without speaking to anybody. If he was in the study, Jemmy and Barton were silent or spoke only to one another, and Petitt felt this influence constraining him. On the next Monday evening Appleton sat in the study, still also. A book was open before him, but he did not read it. He had been playing cricket in the morning—had been fielding, but not well, and had batted, but not well. At third lesson he felt very strange, and when tea-time came he could eat nothing. After tea Barton went to dawdle round the school gardens with Dawton, and Jemmy and Petitt went to change. 'I'm awfully sorry for Coddles,' said Petitt, who had been doing what he could to be kind for some days now.

‘He ought to say he is sorry, then,’ said Jemmy, but less decidedly than before.

To-night Coddles did not feel his loneliness so much; he could not have gone about with them if they had asked him. There was something amiss with him.

‘What’s the row, Coddles?’ said Petitt when he came in.

‘Nothing,’ said Coddles.

‘Are you seedy?’

‘No,’ said Coddles, ‘I’m all right.’ A little impatiently and shortly Petitt thought, for, having been unkind himself, he was inclined to be sensitive. He went out of the study, and Coddles sat with his head on his hand. Presently he went into the matron’s room, and there was Jemmy.

‘Please, Mrs. Martin,’ said Coddles, ‘I want to go off top schools, and go to bed,’ and he sat down and put his burning head upon his hand.

Mrs. Martin came to look at him, and whispered to one of the servants to look to a bed in the sick rooms, to

which she sent him with all kindness. Jemmy looked at him as he went out of the room, and half went up to him with the affection of old times to say, 'Coddles, what's the matter?' But Coddles, without seeming to notice him, passed out of the room. Years after, Jemmy would have given his most cherished possession for the knowledge that he had done that to which his heart had prompted him that summer evening.

In the morning Coddles was not in school, and Petitt, whose heart smote him sadly for the whole business, and for his share in the estrangement, went after second lesson to ask Mrs. Martin if he might go to see him. Mrs. Martin's face had a curious look upon it as she said, without looking at him :

'No, Mr. Petitt, the doctor thinks he had better be kept quite quiet.'

Petitt went back to where the others were in the study; and presently Jemmy got up and went along the passage. They knew where he had gone to, though they said nothing, but

waited there, pretending to be doing something.

‘Mrs. Martin,’ said Jemmy, ‘is Appleton very bad?’

‘I hope not,’ said Mrs. Martin, ‘but the doctor said he is to be kept quite quiet.’

‘What is the matter with him?’ said Jemmy.

‘The doctor doesn’t quite know yet,’ said Mrs. Martin; ‘perhaps not very much.’

Jemmy went back to the study, and he and Barton hurried off to detentions with hearts a little hardened. Wednesday passed, and Thursday, and Mrs. Martin’s face, when she was asked about Appleton, was still more averted and her answers more vague. On Friday morning some one said at breakfast:

‘Hullo! here’s Scott coming.’ The boys looked up, and there was Scott coming to the house.

‘I wonder what he wants?’ said some one.

As he passed the hall-door, Jemmy

got up and walked behind him, thinking he was going to the matron's room. Jemmy stood still at the matron's door. Presently he came back into the hall, and whispered to Petitt—he felt ashamed to say it aloud :

‘Coddles has scarlet fever, and badly.’

The other boys heard them speak, and soon it spread about. But the three did not mind the talk ; they sat in their study alone and sorrowful, and even scared. They learned no second lesson, and after second lesson, by tacit consent, they met again. They went out and walked together, without an object, round the place.

‘Come and see the tennis match,’ said Dawton to Barton.

Barton made some excuse. The presence of Dawton was repulsive to him just now. They were all silent, or their talk was of fever and the chances of it, and their experience of it. After dinner it was the same thing. They made a shift to get through third lesson, and after third lesson

Petitt said, 'I shall write to Coddles.' He went to Mrs. Martin to ask if he might send him a note.

'I know he has scarlet fever,' said the boy, as though the word choked him.

Mrs. Martin tried to comfort him. She said, 'Oh, well, many people have it, and we must hope for the best.'

'Is he very ill, Mrs. Martin?'

'It is not a very light case,' said Mrs. Martin, and she turned her head away.

'May I send him a note, Mrs. Martin?' said the boy, with his eyes full of tears.

'Yes, you may,' said Mrs. Martin, 'but it must be very short, and he can't answer it, poor dear.' The tears came fast down her withered old cheeks. Hers had been a prim, dry life; she had had few kindred to keep alive human kindness in her heart; she was cross and methodical, and not popular.

Petitt went out. When he got back to the study, Barton was watering

Coddles's geranium. He left off, looking a little ashamed, when Petitt came in, but Petitt did not notice it. 'He is very bad,' he blurted out, crying. 'Mrs. Martin says I may write a note, but he can't answer it.'

Petitt sat down and wrote :

'DEAR CODDLES,—I am awfully sorry that you are ill, and that I was unkind to you. Please forgive me. I send you my love. Mrs. Martin says I may only write you a short note. Good-bye, dear Coddles.—I am, yours affectionately, A. PETITT.'

'Shall I send your love?' said Petitt.

'No,' said Barton ; 'I shall write myself.' And he sat down and wrote :

'DEAR CODDLES,—I am awfully sorry you are ill. I have watered your flowers ; they are all right. I hope you will be all right soon.—I am, yours ever, L. BARTON. P.S. I am very sorry we had a quarrel.'

They took the notes to Mrs. Martin. She said she was just going upstairs. She only went once a day. When Jemmy came in, and they told

him what they had done, he was very angry.

‘I was only in the hall ; you might have told me,’ he said.

He went to Mrs. Martin ; but she had already gone up. He waited with his note till she came down again. She said, ‘Mr. James, I can’t go now. I only go up once a day.’

‘Please go up again, Mrs. Martin,’ said Jemmy.

‘I can’t, sir,’ she said. ‘I have to change all my things, and wash myself when I come away, and there isn’t time.’

‘Oh, Mrs. Martin, please go !’ said Jemmy, red and hot, the tears standing in his eyes. ‘I quarrelled with him, Mrs. Martin, and I want to ask him’ —Jemmy hung his head down, and his tears burst out—‘to forgive me.’

Mrs. Martin took the note, and Jemmy waited till she came back. He said, ‘Thank you, Mrs. Martin. Did he say anything?’

‘Yes,’ said Mrs. Martin, crying bitterly, ‘he sent you all his love.’

Mrs. Martin—it was a story, for the boy was past sending his love. He would have sent it, had he been able, and had they not had it already.

That evening a fly drove up in a great hurry to the house gate, and from it descended a tall man and a lady. Without looking round they went into the house, and news went round the school that Appleton's father and mother were come. There was gloom over the whole school the next day, and towards evening another piece of news crept about which boys whispered one to the other—and then were silent—that Appleton was dead. Only those who have felt it can understand the sadness when in a place where all is light and health and merriment comes the darkness of death; when the young, to whom death seems immeasurably distant, feel in bewilderment that he has come among them. This was the feeling among the boys, and among the masters also; but to the three boys of whom I am writing there was something added to this. These three were

mourning for one whom they truly loved and sadly missed ; and, again, they were cut to the heart by remembering that over the sunshine of their boyish love there had come, at the very last, a cloud. Could they but have seen him once again and told him how they had loved him ! But he was far away beyond the voices of this world.

On the evening of the second day the three boys—they were always together now—received a message that Colonel and Mrs. Appleton wished to see them. With downcast faces they went into the house. In the drawing-room sat the tall gentleman with the white moustache, and a lady, who was crying. When they had shaken hands, the gentleman said :

‘ My wife and I wished to see you, because you were the friends of our dear boy who is dead. In most of his letters to us he spoke of you, and always in such a way as to show us that you were good friends to him. We wished you to have some memorial of

him, and we have chosen some things that belonged to him, if you will accept them.'

He gave the watchchain and pencil-case that poor Coddles had always treasured. The boys were all silent, and, as they took the things, the tears came into the eyes of two of them. The gentleman spoke again :

'If any of you three ever need anything, and I can do it for you, come to me, and I will do it gladly, in memory of my dear son. He was our only son ; it would be a pleasure to us.'

The lady, who had been crying, said : ' In all his delirium he talked of nothing but you three—asking you to go out with him ; and of Mr. Scott, and of some promise which he had made to him.'

'It seems,' said Colonel Appleton, 'that Mr. Scott had spoken to him about some translation, and that he had been promising him not to use it, or to mention that Mr. Scott had spoken to him about it. I do not

know whether you understood this. It seemed to be much on his mind.'

Barton said, since he was the least broken of the three, 'No, sir; we didn't know;' and with an effort he continued, 'and, sir, we quarrelled with him in the last week because he wouldn't lend the cab to us.' Then the boy's voice broke. The recollection of the past time, of the chance of being kind, and that it was passed away now, came very bitterly back even to him; the knowledge that he had been unjust and in the wrong all the time made the bitterness even greater. Colonel Appleton said:

'There was no recollection of this in my boy's mind. He only felt kindly to you, and I know that, in spite of any little disagreement you may have had, that you only felt kindly towards him.'

'Yes, sir,' sobbed Petitt.

Then Colonel Appleton got up, and his wife, and shook hands with them again, and the boys went out, feeling more sorrowful than they were likely to feel for many a year.

CHAPTER X.

SEMPER IN PEJUS.

It was not until Appleton died that Jemmy knew how he had loved him. In through the open ways to Jemmy's heart Appleton had gone. It would have been enough that they had been thrown constantly closely together; for Jemmy never refused a friendly feeling to a companion. But Appleton had other claims to love than simple association, as Jemmy well knew, and remembered, very full of sorrow. By Appleton's standards Jemmy now secretly measured himself, and found that he was wanting. He took note of his temper, of his self-assertion, of the wrong things that he allowed to be done and said in his presence, of the harm which his example did. And as he noted these things, his nature

began to lose its grossness, and to become more delicate and fine. It became with him a habit, which he liked, to fancy that Appleton was with him, and to say to himself, 'What would Coddles have said?' And what he would have said Jemmy said. All in the school whom he fancied that Appleton would have liked, he began to like: and for Scott he conceived a great respect. Petitt was broken-hearted for a while, and he thought he never should be happy again. He was dimly conscious of a change in Jemmy, whom he followed as closely, but more happily than before; and Barton during the rest of the term was altogether with them, with the simpleness of old times. The shock had driven his vanity from him, and re-established in him for the time a simple desire to do what he ought. He would hardly have known himself, had he thought upon himself, as he again enjoyed things simply for their own sake, and spent day after day without any desire of applause. All three worked at their

examination well. It was for the September placing, and the removes were large. Jemmy and Petitt went up head into the fifth, and as for Barton, the effect which a little hard work had upon his examination was extraordinary. He got a double remove, chiefly by his English papers, and so found himself in the upper fifth. To most boys a double remove is a trouble as well as a distinction, because of the quantity of work which it entails ; but Barton felt his new work as easy to him as the old.

As the next term passed he began to lose the impression which the shock of the summer had made upon him. The prospects which lay before him were too bright to be made sombre long by recollections. It was a pleasure to him to change from one good coat to another, and to appear in as many colours as the school rules would allow ; to have the finest chain and watch, the most costly pin, to walk into chapel and hall in linen as faultless as the school washing would give him. He was handsome, and he knew it ; he came

from a rich home, in which he was the eldest son, and foolish people led him to remember the fact constantly. Alas ! that the boy should have been led to thoughts so uncomely. The boys about him scoffed a little at his budding magnificence, but most of them were silenced into secret admiration by the beauty of his attire and of himself, and the knowledge that he was very clever and very good at cricket. For the misfortunes that were in the world he had very little thought. Many were poor, but it was his fortune to be rich ; many were ugly, but it was his fortune to be handsome. His was not an aggressive conceit, but a steady settled admiration of himself ; it throttled him. Compare the love which Appleton gave him with that which he could return ! While he was like this, Appleton's love was a pearl before a swine, a generous presumption of nobility where there was no nobility, a lavishness of generosity apparently all upon one side.

He soon advanced into a forgetful-

ness of the past, and into his old views of the future, as a time when he would take his pleasure and be admired.

‘How handsome Barton grows!’ said Fort.

‘Yes,’ said Wright, who was, I think, somewhat jealous of him in some respects. ‘But I can’t make much of him in school, though he has plenty of brains and he is very young.’

‘I thought you liked conceited boys,’ said Scott.

‘I think conceit keeps them out of mischief,’ said Wright.

‘And out of much good also,’ said Scott.

‘Perhaps,’ said Wright.

‘He is a little underbred too,’ said Scott, ‘as most conceited boys are.’

‘I don’t think they are,’ said Wright.

‘Well, then, they aren’t,’ said Scott. ‘But Barton is, I think.’

‘How do you know?’ said Wright.

‘Oh, I don’t know,’ said Scott. ‘Well, look here,’ after a pause. ‘He goes about with Dawton, who is the

vulgarest brute I ever saw, and Jones too. And I'll tell you something else. I heard him say once, "We always have champagne at dinner," and he eats cheese with his knife. Is this enough? I could unearth more if you like.'

'That will do,' said Fort.

'I eat my cheese with my knife,' said Wright.

There was a pause, during which Scott looked very uncomfortable, and presently said:

'Well, I dare say; every one may; but they don't talk about champagne. Still,' said Scott, hurrying on as though from a bad spot, 'he is a good fellow underneath. He was very good for two days after Appleton died. I mean he had no conceit, and I saw him making himself obliging, and sending up balls at cricket, and wearing a dirty collar. But then Dawton and it all came back upon him. Something must be done to get him out again, but I can't do it.'

'I'm glad it came back, in that

respect,' said Wright; 'I don't like to see boys in dirty collars.'

'I like to see Barton,' said Scott. 'Or Fort; he is too smart in my opinion. I believe Barton caught it from him.'

CHAPTER XI.

DOLENDO DISCIMUS.

IN fact, Barton's satisfaction with himself and his thoughts, silent though deep, about his appearance, increased in volume. He was unconsciously forming a code according to which he would live and judge men—a code of such a kind as to remove from the right to his consideration all those who were not well born or well dressed. Once the crust of folly and affectation that was growing over his nature seemed shattered by a strong blow; but it formed again, and gradually took from him the power of liking his best friends. He inclined rather towards Rogers and Jones, who flattered him, and Dawton, who tried to dress well. He watched with interest the growth of his mous-

tache, he became particular about the fit even of his flannels. All this was secretly a vexation to Jemmy, who felt that his friend was moving away from him, and missed, without knowing what it was that he missed, the geniality and the vigour which he once loved. Jemmy could have given no general reasoning about it; indeed, he would have utterly despised as sentimental all thought on the matter. He had only some unformed instinctive misgivings as to what it would all come to.

‘I can’t stand that fellow Dawton,’ he said. ‘I wish Tipper wouldn’t bring him into our study. Or Rogers either; he’s always talking about races, and I know Tipper and he bet like one o’clock. Here’s his beastly newspaper, the great lout; and, confound it! here’s his toothpick,’ and Jemmy shuffled it off the table on a piece of paper, and threw it out of the window.

Petitt said, ‘Tipper is always with them now.’

‘And when he isn’t,’ said Jemmy,

‘he’s always straightening his collar or hitching his breeches. I rumpled his hair nearly by accident last night, and he hasn’t spoken to me since. He isn’t half such a nice fellow as he used to be.’

‘I like him,’ said Petitt.

‘So do I,’ said Jemmy, ‘but not as much as I did.’

‘I do,’ said Petitt.

Jemmy said nothing, but thought of his last quarrel with a friend. When Barton came in he said awkwardly, ‘I say, Tipper, I’m very sorry I rumpled your hair last night.’

‘Oh, all right,’ said Barton, rather hurriedly.

‘You’ve got it right again,’ said foolish Jemmy, looking at it. Indeed, it was brushed and set up in rather an annoying manner. Barton looked angry and said:

‘There’s no harm in having one’s hair tidy.’

‘No,’ said Jemmy; and he put his tidy with his fingers, and attempted to

draw it into a resemblance of Barton's favourite curl.

'If you choose to go about like a cad,' said Barton angrily, 'you are quite welcome.'

'I don't like to go about with a cad,' said Jemmy, angrily also.

'You are a cad yourself, and I'll never go out with you again,' said Barton.

Petitt stood by and listened with dismay. 'Jemmy meant Dawton,' he said.

'I don't care who he meant,' said Barton, white with passion; and, leaving the study, he banged the door, and the boys heard his steps go along the passage until he came to Dawton's study.

'Why did you?' said Petitt.

'I don't know,' said Jemmy. 'I didn't mean to. I wanted to make it up. I can't see why he got in such a swot; he never used to.'

'He thought you meant to call him a cad, when you said you wouldn't go about with a cad.'

‘What rot!’ said Jemmy. ‘I meant Dawton.’

‘I know you did,’ said Petitt; ‘I told him so. You tell him so.’

‘All right,’ said Jemmy; ‘but it’s no use making friends with him now, and I do hate Dawton.’

Meanwhile, Barton was sitting in Dawton’s study. There was no one there, and he stayed more to annoy Jemmy than for any other reason. The study was more luxurious than any in the house. It had fine curtains and a Brussels carpet; many prints of horses and dogs, and two racks upon the walls, two arm-chairs, and a smell of scents in the air. Here Rogers and Dawton now lived, and here Jones was often to be found. In this study sat Barton, irritated, greatly with Jemmy, and a little with himself also, though this latter feeling he did not notice. Only one thing was quite plain to him, that he would never have anything to do with Jemmy again, or Petitt either if Petitt chose to stand by Jemmy. He set them down in his angry musings

for two boys who preferred vulgarity, and vulgar people's ways, to more refined ways. At last he became less angry, and began to consider the application of the word refinement to Dawton or Rogers or Jones as to a certain extent impossible. Still, his anger against Jemmy hardly decreased; at least in outward show, though underneath he became gradually less certain of his position. So for a time the relations between himself and the others in his study were strained, and he enjoyed life conducted upon refined principles in the study of Dawton.

One morning at breakfast, when the letters came in, was one for Barton, which he opened, looked at and read, and then got up and went away without saying a word, leaving his breakfast not eaten.

'I wonder what's the row with Tipper?' said Jemmy. 'He read his letter, and went away, and there he is going down to the river.' Petitt wondered too; and their wonder was renewed when Barton came back, just

before second lesson, looking very downcast. Half-mechanically he took his books for second lesson, leaving some of them.

‘Here’s your Livy,’ said Jemmy.

He took it, and said, ‘Thank you,’ but seemed hardly to think of what he did. At second lesson he hardly looked up or took any notice of what was going on; and when it was finished he went off by himself, and came back looking so downcast that Jemmy and Petitt held a consultation as to what should be done.

‘You ask him what the row is,’ said Jemmy; ‘he won’t like it if I do.’

After dinner, when Jemmy had retired from the study, Petitt said with much hesitation, ‘I say, Tipper, what’s the matter?’ He felt afraid of some angry reply, but Barton looked up in a hopeless sort of manner, and said,

‘Oh, nothing.’

There was a knock at the door, and Dawton appeared.

‘Why don’t you come, Tipper?’ he said; ‘we are just going to draw.’

Barton got up irresolutely. 'I can't,' he said; 'I've got a headache.'

'Oh, d—n it, come on,' said Dawton. 'There's no one in the way now, and Scott will be round directly.'

'I can't, I tell you,' said Barton irritably; 'you draw without me. I don't care.'

'Oh, d—n it all!' said Dawton, banging the door as he went away.

About ten minutes after, Scott came round. 'Barton,' he said, looking at him, 'will you come to my rooms for a minnte? I shall be there directly.'

Barton got up, and went without a word. When Scott came back, he sat down and said, 'Barton, I know that you have had bad news this morning. I heard something about it before, and I heard from your father again this morning.' Barton was silent; his look was vacant and miserable. Presently Scott said:

'I know that you must be very distressed, for your father and mother's sake.'

The boy did not stir or give a sign that he felt it so.

‘Let me say that something of the kind happened to me when I was young, so that I can enter a little into your feelings.’

Barton looked up at Scott with a closer look, and said, ‘I don’t know anything about it, sir.’

Scott said : ‘It is not so bad as it might be. Your home will, of course, be broken up, but your father hopes to have in time the means of paying all the claims upon him, and, besides that, a means of support in the future ; though, of course, your new home must be different from your old one.’ With the boy’s face before him Scott did not feel inclined to soften the blow much.

Things might be worse than they were, that was true ; but they were bad enough, and they crushed Barton. The misfortune had come upon him exactly in the form which seemed to him most dreadful. That in which he had lately been placing all his happiness had been taken away from him. His finery, his secret contempt for those who were worse off than himself, had

now become impossible to him. He himself, who had sneered at others, who had been learning to refuse to think of boys with kindness unless they were well born or well dressed, had now to join the ranks of the poor himself, and become the object of such remarks as the Boltons and Dawtons who knew him chose to make. There was an excessive bitterness in the thought. Then his mind went suddenly away from himself to his people at home; and he felt shocked at his selfishness. He considered that in thinking about the calamity up to this time he had not noticed them, the question of the grief at home had hardly touched him at all. When he dwelt upon them with self-reproach he felt a strange effect. It was as though something hard, like ice, which had grown over his nature began to become soft and to break up—melted, overflowed, and overborne by some full, strong, warm springs rising from some secret depths. It was as if the phantoms which disported themselves upon this ice disap-

peared with it; as if his liking for Rogers and Dawton became invisible, and reality once more invigorated the forms of his wholesome friendships. There was silence as Scott watched him.

‘Your father and mother take kindly to the thought of their new life,’ said he. ‘I believe that they are quite happy and relieved in the prospect, and neither of them suffers in health.’

The boy’s face assumed even a softer look.

‘The burden will fall very lightly upon your brothers and sisters; they are so much younger than you.’ At the mention of himself the boy’s face contracted. Scott said, ‘It will not affect your position here at all.’

The boy looked up quickly and said, ‘I should like to leave;’ and his face was set with a curious hardness upon it.

Scott looked vexed. ‘Why?’ he said.

The boy made no answer, but his face grew harder.

‘What did you come to school

for?' said Scott. 'You have not forgotten.'

Barton fastened an obstinate look upon the floor, but the hardness disappeared a little from his face.

'Was it'—Scott had it, in vexation, upon the tip of his tongue to say, 'to wear fine clothes, and to learn that money is the best thing in the world?' But he stopped in time and said: 'Was it not to learn to work, and to work? That you may do now, none the worse for what has happened; perhaps even a little the better. Besides your own prospects, your father wishes you to stay, and will make sacrifices that your education may be finished in the manner he intended. He hopes also for help from you at last, and the amount you can give him will depend upon the work you do now.'

Barton's settled look departed, and he began to move on his chair.

'You are perhaps afraid that your friends will like you the less. I shan't, if you call me a friend; and I think I know of some who will not.' Barton

looked up at Scott with a flush upon his face.

‘How poor is the feeling which makes you wish to leave!—as poor a thing as a coat is compared with a man,’ said Scott, becoming less impressive as he asked himself whether he was doing his task well.

‘Barton,’ he continued, ‘I know that you are in some part of your thoughts miserable. I can understand it. Put away the worse side of your nature, and you will be happy enough. There are hundreds of thousands of boys in England who would jump at that which is now being offered to you, and which is really a lot as happy as a boy’s can be.’

‘Will the boys know about this?’ asked Barton.

‘Take my advice,’ said Scott, ‘and tell them yourself. First go and write to your father and mother a letter that will make them happy; and then go to James and Petitt and tell them, and do not ask them to keep it secret. If they think the worse or the less of you,

I will give up school-mastering; and come to me after top schools to-night and we will talk about the future. And now good-bye.'

He held out his hand, and Barton took it, and went away in great doubt and trouble—in a bewilderment that resulted from the changing of the face of his nature. In him now the thoughts that had been strongest were knocking about in a broil with those that had lately received renewed strength. A revolution was going on; a sort of Bastille was being attacked; the boy was in confusion, and the result of the conflict was uncertain.

Scott spent that evening in better spirits than he had had for many days. He put his head into Fort's room, and said with the air of a perfect buffoon:

'Our stable wins again. Two to one on the white one.'

'What do you mean?' said Fort.

'I mean that the devil is chained. That Barton has won the ten miles, and that I have netted ten thousand pounds.'

I think that is the exact sum. Have some of it ?’

‘Yes,’ said Fort.

‘Then ask Barton to dinner to-morrow, and you shall.’

On the next day at twelve o’clock Scott saw that Barton went out by himself. He looked a little vexed and thought for a few minutes in his rooms, and then sent for Petitt.

When Barton and Petitt were in their study after dinner, Jemmy having gone out for something, Petitt looked out of the window, and said with a blush on his face :

‘Tipper, you know when I asked you what was the matter.’

Barton said nothing, but felt uneasy, and so did Petitt.

‘I know what it was,’ he continued with a deeper blush, and in a voice showing symptoms of nervousness. ‘Your father had a loss.’

‘How did you know ?’ said Barton, not angrily, but as if a weight were being lifted from him, which was a great relief to Petitt, who did not know

how things might be going on in Barton's mind.

'Scott told us,' said Petitt—'me and Jemmy, and told us what to say.'

'What?' said Barton, actually almost crying.

'What I said,' said Petitt, 'that it doesn't make any difference.'

'Jemmy hates me now,' said Barton, putting his head on his hands and his elbows on the table. 'I wish he didn't.'

'He doesn't,' said Petitt eagerly. 'He thinks you hate him. Or at least he doesn't think that, but——' Here Petitt stopped; Barton sat quiet, kicking his legs about impatiently. He knew well enough what Petitt meant.

The boys went to third lesson, and after third lesson they all three went out together, and understood each other once again.

CHAPTER XII.

ECCE SUPERCILIO.

*Ecce supercilio clivosi tramitis undam
Elicit.*

IN the next term Barton went to Scott after top schools, by arrangement, on certain days of the week. At the beginning Scott said to him, 'I think you ought to get a scholarship. I hope you will.'

Barton was surprised; the idea was new to him.

'I could not get one, sir,' he said.

'I think so,' said Scott. 'It is uncertain, of course; how old are you?

'Nearly fifteen,' said the boy.

'You have four years. Would you like to try?'

'Yes, sir,' said the boy at once.

'You will have to work, and to subordinate other things to work,' said Scott.

It was very true that Barton was willing to work; but he had not a very

clear idea of the work which lay before him. With the pains of it he was to a certain extent acquainted, but not with the pleasures nor the uses of it. Clever boy as he was, Latin and Greek had remained to him as meaningless as algebra; a Greek play, literature of exactly the same kind as Euclid. The particular subject of the piece he read, and the matter of it, was something with regard to which he was pretty well indifferent, and all those about him were indifferent. He heard the subjects to be read given out in each term, taking them as a matter of course, without pleasure, and without any particular dislike. Virgil, Homer, Livy, Thucydides, it was all one to him. The only question with which he concerned himself was whether there were many notes, and whether a cab was easily procurable. He read about the war at Troy and the passage of the Alps with an equally indistinct notion of that which was going on, quite able to muddle up the military occurrences in each, and only compelled by strong in-

ternal compulsion to keep them in any way distinct. If Hannibal had changed places with Achilles, his sense of propriety would not have been shocked. The love of Dido for Æneas was not a human passion: her speeches had no meaning; they were only full of constructions, and of words which you must pronounce in a certain way, or else you got a penal. He had been to a play at a theatre, and had enjoyed it much; but how could you like a play which began: 'Oh! that the hull of Argo never ought to have flitted through to the Colchian land the dark-blue clashing rocks, nor set to the oar the hands of chieftain men,' and went on like that all through; and even this kind of meaning only reached by a quantity of trouble. The surroundings and justifications of a play that could begin like this he was powerless to imagine; the last glimmer of even this kind of sense seemed to go out when the short lines came. When running upon Jemmy's or Petitt's tongue, all literary work in any foreign language --

plays, love songs, choruses, descriptions, histories—all assumed the same form, belonged to the same class: were absurd, senseless. Of course many circumstances inevitable and uncontrollable besides his own carelessness helped to this result. First, perhaps, Mr. Houseman, his master, was in ignorance of the kind of difficulties which Barton felt; secondly, Mr. Houseman was bound to explain constructions with a view to future knowledge, and to require a knowledge of principal parts, which given in form seemed thus to be bound up with the most pathetic parts of the classics. A boy cannot very well enjoy the pure poetry of a passage when, side by side with his reading, is bound to be a laborious mechanism for bringing into his memory something not at all pathetic.

“Εκτορ, ἄταρ σύ μοί ἐσσι πατήρ σύ τε πότνια μητήρ.

This is well enough so long as it is possible to keep to the Greek; but when you come to construe it, ‘Hector, but you are to me a father, and you a lady mother,’ if your interest survives

the break and the odd notion introduced by lady mother, it must die when the concomitant parsing begins, and side by side with Andromache's love you have to remember that $\epsilon\sigma\sigma\iota$ is second singular, and ought to be $\epsilon\hat{\iota}$ or $\epsilon\hat{\iota}s$ if the conjugation in the grammar is to be your guide ; this is not pathetic.

‘With regard to your private reading, would you rather read one thing than another?’ said Scott.

‘No,’ said Barton accommodatingly, wondering how he could possibly have any partiality excepting upon the old grounds, and these would not have been to the point here, in this new and confidential way of doing work.

‘Well,’ said Scott, ‘what do you say to this?’ putting into Barton's hand Mr. Browning's ‘Balaustion.’

Barton looked surprised when he saw an English book.

‘Let us try it,’ said Scott. He read with judicious pauses and explanations selections from it, while Barton's face glowed with the different feelings the piece evokes.

‘What is it?’ said he, doubtfully.

‘A prologue to a Greek play,’ said Scott; ‘at least,’ he added, to satisfy his desire for accuracy. ‘what is meant for a Greek play done into English. Did you like it at all?’

‘Yes,’ said Barton.

‘Well, next time you come, we will have some more. Now write me what you remember of this before you go.’

Barton at first professed utter inability, but presently took a pen, and wrote:

‘When Athens was ruined at Syracuse her colonies revolted and there was meant to be a revolt at Rhodes the town but a girl said she would not desert Athens for Sparta and got all who wouldn’t to come with her in a ship. She knew a lot of Euripides and she was always reciting it it was the only way they had of hearing it since there were no printing presses then. But a wind was ambushed and blew them from going to Athens and a pirate came and chased them and she sang the war song at Salamis they

got away from the pirate but they saw a city before them it was Syracuse where the poor Athenians were working in the quarries. The ship that came out ordered them away and they were like a bird between but one of them asked for Euripides and the captain said Babai what a word escaped your teeth she knows all Euripides like snow flakes or she used to quote whatever went on like snow flakes about the stars or wisdom or thrusting and parrying in bright so they all went back shouting more Euripides and they took her to the temple of Heracles and made a ring round and all listened though she said more than was there but she saw it all and she went through the saddest play Alcestis and a young man always came to hear her and they let her go free and she went back to Athens and a wealthy Syracusian gave her a talent and she gave it to Heracles and the young man came with her and they were to be married and they went straight to see Euripides, who was a lonely old great

master. Many Athenians did it who were by nothing so much advantaged as by knowing his poetry and they went to thank him and he had many visitors like that though the Athenians thought Sophocles or Agathor were better; but Socrates used to come to see him and when he died he had plenty of company for he was a great man in heaven.'

As Scott took it Barton looked foolish, and looked at him deprecatingly. Scott read it through without a smile, or even a twinkle, and Barton felt relieved. They did another piece next time; and Barton became interested, but he said:

'All Greek plays are not like this?'

'What Greek play are you doing?' said Scott.

'The Hippolytus.'

'Bring it next time with you, and we will look at it.'

'When it came Scott said, 'Where is your next lesson?' Barton showed him the chorus beginning *σὺ τὰν θεῶν*.

Scott said, 'You take a dictionary and make it out. Write it down,

and so will I, and then we will look at them.'

In about half an hour the boy's was done, and Scott's.

'Read it out,' said Scott.

Barton read: 'You indeed, O Cypris, drive the unbending hearts of gods and men: and together the variegated winged boy flies around having enveloped; and you pass over the earth and the noisy salt sea: and you soothe him to whomsoever over his mad heart you shall have made an attack, and you soothe all things both the whelps which the mountain nourishes, and as many things as the sea bears, and the earth which the sun looks upon flaming and men of all you alone have a royal honour.'

Barton read it without pride or pleasure. Scott said, 'It is well enough done, and shows that you may do well if you always try. It seems great rubbish to you?'

'Yes,' said Barton.

'It did not sound so to the Athenians. Do you know the Irish melodies?'

‘Some of them.’

‘This is better than an Irish melody, because it is deeper, truer, stronger.’

Well, then, deeper, truer, stronger poetry was not to Barton’s taste.

‘Well,’ said Scott, ‘look at my verses,’ handing them to Barton, perhaps with some secret pride, ‘and remember that they are rubbish compared to Euripides.’

Men’s hearts and God’s unbending,
Bend, Love, to thee.
O’er earth thy swift way wending
And sounding sea.
With thee thy boy is plying
His golden wing;
All things in your swift flying
Overshadowing.
Sweet are their dreams when lightly
O’er each mad heart,
Poised on wing shining brightly
Love throws his dart.
Whelps that the mountain reareth
Or Ocean’s streams—
All things the warm earth beareth,
Sweet are their dreams.
The earth in sunshine flaming
By Phœbus seen,
And men—all things thou taming
Of all art Queen.

‘Do you like it?’ said Scott.

‘Yes,’ said Barton.

‘Which part of it do you like least?’ Barton looked at it, but felt no power to say.

‘Look at it,’ said Scott; ‘which stanza?’

‘The last,’ said Barton.

‘Why?’ said Scott.

‘I don’t know,’ said Barton.

‘Promise me to tell me if you thought what I say, if I tell you.’

‘Yes,’ said Barton, almost smiling.

‘It jerks,’ said Scott. ‘But you wouldn’t say so. Are there any faults in the translation?’

The boy laughed outright at a certain earnestness in Scott, and said, ‘I don’t know, sir.’ Scott showed him the two.

The boy began to improve, and his intelligence increased fast; it was not much pleasure at first to the pupil, but it was a great deal to the master. He made many translations to Barton’s school work, trying to get the boy to respect his own literary power, and in this he was to some extent gradually successful.

CHAPTER XIII.

OLD WINE INTO NEW BOTTLES.

‘COME and see me to-morrow,’ said Scott, ‘and ask James and Petitt if they will come too.’ It was Friday, and the next day was holiday Saturday. They all came, and after dinner Scott said :

‘If you are not too tired, come, and I will show you something. A man is going to conjure in the music-hall to-night—a very smart man. Let us ask Bolton ; he likes smart men.’

‘Do you know him, sir?’ said James, who was not sure what Scott meant.

‘Yes,’ said Scott, ‘and so do you.’

‘Who is he, sir?’ said Petitt.

‘Come and see,’ said Scott.

As they went down they called at the house for Bolton, and Scott repeated to him his invitation, which

was welcome enough, as the hall was very empty and dull. In the music-hall were about six hundred people, not of the finest sort; at least at the lower end where they sat. At the upper end was a platform, and on the platform in the chair was Mr. Smollett.

‘Ah,’ said Scott, ‘you don’t think him smart; wait a bit. I tell you he is Ulysses, full of snowflakes.’

‘You don’t like the smell,’ said he to Bolton; ‘it is not so nice as musk.’ Bolton certainly did not like it. The occasion of the meeting was an entertainment. In the middle of it Mr. Smollett advanced on the platform, dressed in the coat that the boys knew so well. He said in an easy, quiet manner: ‘My friends, it is necessary for me to explain to you the reason why I am seated in this exceedingly prominent position. If there is any more time I will speak about other matters, but I think it will be all I can do to explain this much.’ He smiled as he said this, easily and gently, with a voice that reached through the hall. The people

smiled also and prepared themselves to listen ; and the boys listened rather in wonder. Was it possible that this could be old Smolecat ? In an easy way the speaker proceeded, explaining that the object of the entertainment was the provision of funds for certain working men's clubs ; and upon this topic, the needs such clubs supplied, the advantages they offered to those that used them, Mr. Smollett spoke for about fifteen minutes, while not a sound was heard through the hall, save when, at his pleasure, a little laughter rippled through the company. Then raising his voice till it sounded as if it were a trumpet, he concluded :

‘ We cannot be indifferent to such objects as this. You are not. Your presence here shows it ; but your presence here is not enough. By your own interests which the spread of education and contentment maintains and increases, by your love for this great country and your fellow-men who help to make you proud of it, in the name of all that seems best to you, for which

you think it worth while to labour, in this world and the next, by every happiness which you yourselves enjoy, I claim this evening and for always your sympathy on behalf of this institution, and the principles which inspire and direct it.'

'Now,' said Scott when they came away, after having listened to the efforts of the members of the club to amuse them, 'there is no man in the county can do that but Mr. Smollett.'

'What, sir?' said Jemmy.

'Hold six hundred people by the ears at the same time,' said Scott. 'You can hold Barton easily enough; but try Petitt too. You will find you can't; but he can, and as many more as you like. Why even Bolton listened. That is what I call a smart man. But that is only a part of his smartness. I expect you have noticed the signs of the other part yourselves—how in his dress he returns towards the brilliancy of the middle ages. His coat was rather yellow. This is also smartness, you know; Bolton, isn't it? Why should

dress be dowdy? Let us order a yellow suit as soon as we have the pluck.'

Bolton's face was scarlet; he thought Scott had overheard some of his remarks, and, while the other three boys laughed, he felt very uncomfortable, and not more fond of Scott than he was before.

Indeed, the company of Scott was a tonic, not always judiciously administered.

There was a step behind them, and Mr. Smollett came up.

'How much did you get?' said Scott.

'Fifteen pounds,' said Smollett.

'That includes half-a-crown from Bolton,' said Scott. He was foolish. He lived on the liking of the boys for him, even preferring that Bolton should like him; but often he prodigally threw the possibility away. 'Bolton wants to become a member of your club.'

'He shall be very welcome,' said Smollett. 'But I don't think he

wants to. I saw you while I was talking; about the middle. I was very near sending to ask you to address the meeting. The people would have liked it. But here we are at home, thank goodness. Good-night.'

CHAPTER XIV.

Ἰατρέ, θεράπευσον σεαυτόν.

ABOUT these times troubles of a curious kind, which had long been growing up around Scott, began to vex him much. He had helped in the school games for many years, and had regarded the success of the elevens as a personal matter. But every dog has his day, and Scott's joints were becoming stiff, while there were many younger legs and wrists to take the place of his. He was beginning to go on to the shelf, but he was nearly laid there before he noticed that he was moved at all. He gave advice, and of course it was listened to, but it was not taken; and this for the first time for fifteen years. The new kings did not know Scott: his maxims at cricket and football were received with an indifference by the

more skilled performers, which at first he did not understand ; and when he did understand it, in the first place, it touched his pride ; and, besides this, he was vexed to be further from the life of the boys out of school than he had been, for the school was to him in the place of many relatives. Gradually the place, or something like it, which he had held was taken by others, and his pet schemes were disregarded.

‘ You’ll never get those fellows together, Gannett,’ he said.

Gannett was silent ; he was a little vexed at being criticised. ‘ And the centres are too slow,’ said Scott.

‘ Come and see them play to-morrow,’ said Gannett.

This speech made Scott wince, though it was said innocently—an invitation to come and see play what had so long been like his own team.

‘ Is there a match to-morrow ?’ said Scott, with a tinge of over-indifference.

‘ Yes,’ said Gannett. ‘ Bennett has been here to-night about it.’ He felt a little awkward as he said it.

‘Is Barton to play?’ said Scott. It was well known that Scott thought he ought to play.

‘No,’ said Gannett, feeling rather uncomfortable.

‘Then he shall not,’ said Scott. ‘Shall Darwin, then?’

‘He shall,’ said Gannett.

‘Then it will be so,’ said Scott, and went away to think sorely of the years passed, when boys had played or not as he advised.

‘Scott doesn’t like not having anything to do with the football,’ said Fort to Wright.

‘I don’t think he minds it,’ said Wright.

‘I am sure his practices do no good,’ said Fort.

‘I dare say not,’ said Wright; ‘he is full of crotchets.’

‘I wish he didn’t mind it,’ said Fort.

‘I don’t think he does,’ said Wright.

The next day the match was played, and all looked on. Mr. Gannett, who

was a good football player, watched closely, but spoke no criticism; while poor Scott passed from one group to another and made some criticisms, saying that they were rather a scratch lot, and that Darwin in the centre was no good.

‘Scott said yon were a scratch lot,’ said Vincent to Bennett maliciously, after the match.

‘Scott knows nothing about it,’ said Bennett hotly. ‘We won anyhow, and Gannett says we played very well.’

‘Pendennis said we were scratch too,’ said Jemmy, who had done well on the side himself that day, ‘for I heard him; and that if we hadn’t been we should have licked his eleven into smithereens. He said they weren’t any good really, and I don’t think they were.’

‘There were two Varsity players among them, anyhow,’ said Bennett, wishing that Jemmy had yet to receive his colours.

‘Gannett is the friend, not Scott,’

said Vincent, who was a reader of Dickens.

‘Gannett knows more about it than Scott, and Scott is jealous,’ said the captain, with a slight twinge of conscience, which was presently lost in indignation against Scott for being jealous.

‘Why do you get him to write the characters, then?’ said Vincent.

‘He won’t any more,’ said Bennett with a short laugh, in fact making up his mind that moment upon a question which had long made him hesitate. When the characters came out, Scott said to Gannett, feeling like a dethroned king, ‘I think your characters were very good, you know,’ and turned away to something else, forcing down a remark about the competence of Darwin. He didn’t say anything to Bennett, who was annoyed at this, and said ‘It’s beastly of Scott; he is quite changed. He was only down for two minutes at the Gray’s match, and he told Pendennis that he didn’t know what colour the new house shirt was.’ Bennett remembered well the old foot-

ball time when he first came, when Scott had been the complete guide and a peg to hang belief on. 'If he likes to let the football alone, he's quite welcome to, and I'd rather he did; but it's beastly form in him to go round and blackguard the eleven just because he wasn't asked about making it up.'

Meanwhile Barton was reading very hard; he had made up his mind to try for a scholarship a year earlier than usual; he read carefully and made great progress. Everything in his life was subordinated to his work, and he seemed to take very little pleasure in that which went on about him. He was very cold and distant with almost everybody, even at first with Jemmy and Petitt; but their liking for him outlasted his coldness.

'Barton is changed for the better,' said Fort.

'I suppose he is,' said Scott.

'He works very hard, doesn't he?' said Fort.

'Yes, he does.'

'Will he get a scholarship?'

‘It is very likely.’

‘He is much nicer in school on Tuesdays than he used to be.’

‘Yes, there is no fault to find with him.’

‘What is the matter with him, then?’ said Fort, who knew Scott’s manner.

‘Nothing,’ said Scott, ‘nothing whatever, excepting that he is very bitter and hard and unimpressionable, and has his mind only set upon himself and his scholarship all along. You see the poor beast has lost his self-respect, and wants to recover it by success; and this isn’t very wholesome for him. If it were not for James, and my boy Petitt, I don’t think he would do even now. But the good little beggars make him be soft. I never saw two nicer boys, excepting Appleton; and he couldn’t have done it so well, because he was not so bending as they are. I didn’t know he would be so hard. I took him to hear Smollett, you know. He behaved very well, but it all stayed outside of him. I’m not sorry I took

him, though. He only puts up with me because I am a sort of instrument of success.'

Mr. Fort hardly followed the consecution of Scott's remarks ; but they were consecutive enough, the complaint of a lonely man when those whom he liked wouldn't like him. And yet the boy did like him quite as much as was natural, and more than foolish Mr. Scott would allow to himself. It was a fault in Scott that he had no faith, neither in himself nor any one else ; thus he was constantly thrown back into himself and tormented himself in secret. His happiness really depended a great deal upon the liking of the boys for him, and thus he would compel a boy too strongly to himself, and when he wouldn't come took a kind of mocking tone, the grotesqueness of which, and a certain strength there was in it, fascinated his hearers sometimes, though it more often repelled and bewildered them, and so afterwards become a cause of vexation to Scott himself.

'What shall we read next?' said

he to Barton when they had done the *Alcestis*. 'Something of prose or something of verse?' He saw with pleasure that the question was not uninteresting to him, but set him to think.

'I think something in the way of prose,' said Scott; 'this would be a change. You liked the verse, didn't you? At least, perhaps you did.' If Scott had taken it for granted, Barton would have felt more sure of it, and his liking for it would have been strengthened. However, he said 'Yes.'

'Well,' said Scott, 'there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. And we have had only one fish out yet. A sort of flying-fish, or even a mermaid. Let us try another prodigy, a sea-serpent,' said he, reaching down from the shelves the '*Apology*' of Plato. 'We are lucky to have such chances, aren't we?'

'Yes,' said Barton, not knowing to what he assented.

'Do you believe in sea-serpents?'

'No,' said Barton, feeling rather

uncomfortable. 'There aren't such things, are there, sir?'

'Well,' said Scott, 'there is an account of one in the paper.' And he showed the narrative of Captain Briggs, of the 'Blanche Palmer,' which Barton read without interest.

'It seems as though there are such things,' said Scott. 'I suppose they are as wise as land-serpents and as harmless as doves. Or do you see any reason to suppose that it should be otherwise?'

Barton said that he did not, feeling irritated with Scott for talking so to him.

'For it is very likely not,' said Scott. 'I expect the other things in the sea don't like the serpents, but put them to a sort of Coventry, laughing at them; though, by the way, fishes can't laugh any more than God can.' Barton looked up in wonder, and Scott felt very vexed with himself afterwards; but now he went on as though he couldn't help himself. 'I suppose, since there are so few of them,

they must be very lonely; still they alone of all real fishes ever see clearly the things above the water, and the bright beauty of the world, which I suppose the other fishes deride them for looking at; and I dare say when they get them down to the depths again they make at them, small and great, the sharks and the swordfish, who are justice and loyalty itself among the fishes, and have weapons, and all the others both small and great, and so the poor old serpent is done to death because he was a sea-serpent, and the whales and seals, who are half better than the fishes, just if passing look on, and then come back again to the top to breathe; but the old sea-serpent doesn't, and Captain Briggs is called a liar by all who don't know as much about it as we do. That's how it is, I expect, isn't it?' Scott looked at Barton, who made no answer, but wondered, half annoyed. 'Shall we read, then,' continued Scott, 'the last oration of the serpent, delivered to Lord Chief Justice Shark and General Swordfish, one

most distinguished for his knowledge of the law, and the other for his loyalty and conspicuous bravery, to say nothing of a host of thunnies and marine pilchards which infest the Mediterranean?’

‘Yes,’ said Barton, trying to feel a confidence that Scott could not really be so foolish as he appeared now.

‘Well, then,’ said Scott, going to a bookshelf, and taking from the left-hand corner one of number of MS. books, ‘listen to the proœmion, Mr. Thunnyfish, and say when you have had enough.

Barton listened, feeling irritated; but as the reading went on, and he began to get interested, his vexation vanished; and as Scott read and lost himself in his subject and seemed to place himself in Athens, before the gaol, in the streets, in the ring, of which he read, Barton’s respect for Scott came back, and with it his power of understanding what was read to him. He sat and listened, and once again Socrates spoke to the young and made the head swim and the heart soft. When he got

back, and to the bedroom, Petitt said, 'What has shut you up so, Tipper?'

'Scott,' said Jemmy; 'he always shuts every one up. Now some people always make every one noisy. Look at Grant now: he makes every one talk, and his little bucketfuls of detentions make you blaze more.'

Petitt laughed and Barton said, 'James, you really are becoming remarkably clever. I think that was a metaphor.'

'You are right,' said Jemmy; 'it was: I am. But Scott looks at you as much as to say How can you be such an ass? and then he begins to talk just like an ass himself, and he is always mocking.'

'He isn't always mocking,' said Barton.

'Well, he's always mocking me,' said Jemmy, 'and it comes to the same thing.'

'They were going on about him in the library to-night,' said Petitt.

'Why?' said Barton.

'They say that he is against the

boat going to Henley,' said one of the others, when Petitt seemed disinclined to say more, 'and they were saying how conceited he is, and what an ass he was, and Bennett said he was always interfering, and oh ! they said a lot.'

'I would like to have heard them,' said Jemmy angrily.

'You easily can,' said the other boy. 'Everybody is talking about it. They say it's because he hates boating.'

'Who says so?' said Jemmy.

'Jones says so.'

'Jones !' said Jemmy in great contempt.

CHAPTER XV.

PLECTUNTUR ACHIVI.

STILL, whatever might be Jemmy's feelings upon the matter, the school certainly was making up its mind in the direction indicated by Petitt. The Public Schools Cup had been instituted by the authorities at Henley a short time before this, and ever since its institution the boys who boated had been anxious to row for it. Each year the desire became stronger as more schools entered, and now the season was coming round, and the attempts to get leave were being made with more strength than ever. Dr. Smith had refused leave before on the ground that the contest was not established and few entries were made; but the objection was becoming ill-founded and difficult to maintain against persistency.

The desires of the school were inflamed by large placards of the regatta, which the boating boys had displayed upon the walls of their studies, with the notice of the Public School Cup scored in blue, to serve as a continual provocative. The ordinary pastimes of the school were performed with a feeling that there might be in the distance a more important struggle, and with many boys over each school operation the notion of Henley shed a glare which to some extent took the colour out of it. Nor were the masters much less exercised in mind upon the subject than the boys, only a few from the same reason, most of them from a doubt whether it was proper to send a boat at all. As the Lent term was drawing to a close, it was felt that some decision upon the subject must be arrived at, and it was introduced at the master's meeting.

‘There is a matter,’ said Dr. Smith, ‘upon which the captain of the boats has been with me lately, which is of some importance—the question of send-

ing a boat to Henley. It seems that there is a competition for public schools, in which, in fact, many join—a sort of challenge cup.’

The younger members of the meeting looked at each other, as sportsmen might in the House of Commons when Mr. Bright talks about hunting the fox. ‘Does any one know,’ continued Dr. Smith, ‘the—um—conditions of the race or the schools which join in it?’

Dr. Smith was an old man, and learned. He was only lately becoming aware of the position which athletic feeling was taking in public school life. He had but slight sympathies with it himself, but he was beginning to understand that many people formed their judgment of a school from its notoriety in the matter of cricket and rowing. He was fond of the school beyond everything, and not inclined to lose any advantage for it which it could obtain in any legitimate way; and he somewhat mistrusted his own opinions generally, and began therefore to think

that in athletics perhaps it might be possible to go with the times.

When the matter had been well discussed, Mr. Smollett, who had said hardly anything, suddenly broke out with 'Wouldn't it be well, in case the boat goes to Henley, to have it put in the prospectus, so that a father may know what awaits his son?'

'I don't think parents object,' said Mr. Lockyear, who looked after the boat.

'I don't think they do,' said Scott, 'worse luck, but the principle is the main thing. To give boys the incentive of a public performance to draw their minds from their work, and at their tender age to put them to be applauded by the public at Henley, seems to me to be acting the part of Satan.'

'Then there are many Satans in the world,' said Mr. Lockyear, 'and those schools are not the emptiest over which they preside.'

'I dare say they are not,' said Mr. Smollett seriously.

Dr. Smith rather resented the line the subject was taking, and said, 'I hope it is not necessary to be so severe, at any rate.'

'No,' said Scott. 'I am sorry I spoke; I only meant tempting them to evil.'

There was a pause, and Mr. Houseman said, 'Well, would you stop the Eton and Harrow match?'

'Of course,' said Mr. Smollett, lifting his eyebrows, 'as it is played now.'

'And all school matches?' said Mr. Gannett, with indignation rising.

'Not if they are played upon home ground, and there are not too many in each school.'

'Too many!' said Gannett rather angrily. Life was not much to him if he did not play at cricket, and the applause he had received at Lord's as a boy was one of his sweetest memories.

No decision was reached at the meeting, but discussion did not cease upon the subject. Among the boys it was known for certain that the master most opposed to their going was

Scott, for Smollett did not count for much in their calculations.

‘He is a beast,’ said Jones; ‘I always said so. He has been against the games always.’

‘And against me,’ said Bennett, ‘because I didn’t ask him for any of his coaching.’

‘I vote we go anyhow,’ said Rogers. ‘I know my governor would take me away from school, if it was to go and row, if the rest of the boat would.’ Strange as it may appear, there is reason to suppose that Master Rogers spoke the truth.

‘Mine wouldn’t,’ said Carter sorrowfully.

‘Nor mine,’ said Jones, reflecting; ‘but I might get superannuated at the end of the term. If I thought we weren’t going to Henley, and the rest went, I would try not to get my remove, and then I should be, and I could go.’

‘You needn’t try much, you know,’ said Fisher, who was Jones’s form mate.

‘You shut your mouth,’ said Jones.

‘I wouldn’t be a beastly sap like you for something.’

When the boys came back after the Easter holidays, the need for a settlement of the question was immediate, and after a consultation with the house masters, Dr. Smith sent for the captain of the boats and said to him :

‘I have decided to allow the boat to go to Henley this year’ (the captain’s face reddened with delight), ‘upon the understanding that it is for this year only, and creates no precedent; also that the whole crew give their promise to break no rule while they are in training or at Henley, and this must be entered in the boating book.’

The captain went out, and in ten minutes the news had spread through all the houses. Dr. Smith was at the height of popularity. The minds of all turned towards the four who were most likely to be in the boat, and they and Mr. Lockyear became the most important and popular members of the school body.

Next morning, as soon as second

lesson was finished, there was a great crowd at the boathouse, waiting for the four, and the delight when the four appeared, carrying a boat to the water, broke out into applause. They were four sturdy boys, well looking in their flannels and jerseys, surrounded by hearty admiration; it seemed hard to think that there could be anything amiss in a proceeding which was so pretty and popular.

When Fort came up from detentions, he went to Scott's rooms, and said, hesitatingly, 'Do you know that Smith has given the boys leave to go to Henley?' 'Has he?' said Scott, looking straight before him. 'I thought he would.' He said this more from a desire not to appear disregarded than because he had the expectation. The school seemed to have gone beyond him — that morning Gannett was standing behind the nets, where he had stood for many years—and, even in the matter of this piece of news, Fort knew it first. In past days Scott would have known it before any one.

‘ I thought he would,’ said Scott.
‘ It is a mistake, in my opinion.’

He sat on in his room, and began to look over some exercises, feeling happier while he was doing something for the boys. As he worked, another thought which had lain in him unshaped rose into form, and presently he laid down the exercises and wrote :

‘ DEAR DR. SMITH,—I have just heard that you have given the boys leave to go to Henley. As you know I feel very strongly that harm is likely to result from their going, so that I cannot remain one of a body which puts it in their way, will you please take this notice that I will withdraw from the school at the end of the term ; and will you oblige me by keeping my going and the reason absolutely secret ?

‘ I am, yours sincerely,

‘ J. SCOTT.’

He felt a little happier after sending this, though he had a feeling that his unhappiness would return in the

future with greater power, and wondered whether he was strong enough to bear it.

He heard third lesson as usual, but with very little animation. 'What was the row with Scott?' said one afterwards; 'he never laughed all through third lesson, and he let me say my history anyhow.'

'He's in a swot because the boat is going to Henley; he didn't want it to go. He's an awfully nasty-tempered fellow,' said the youth he addressed, who was in fact Glasier, the school cox., diminutive, but very sharp, cool, practical, and clear-sighted.

'He wasn't in a swot,' said the other. 'He might have shipped me, but he didn't.'

'Oh, Scott doesn't always ship you when he gets in a swot; he gets cold and nasty, just as he was this afternoon. I know that's it. Didn't you hear him how he spoke to me? But he didn't punish me. He has been an awful beast all through. He hates boating; everybody hates him for it—at least they

would if we hadn't been allowed to go. But I don't care for him now, and he may be as big a beast as he likes. Won't it be jolly if we win the cup? or if we win our heat? Lockyear says we go very well, all but Two.'

'What's the matter with him?' said the other greedily.

'He makes the boat roll,' said Glasier, running forward to dress himself to go down to the river.

When Scott came back to his rooms at four there was a note for him lying on the table. It ran:

'DEAR MR. SCOTT,—I must beg you to reconsider the decision to which you refer in your letter. I have not acceded to the request, in connection with which so much pressure has been put upon me, without much compunction, and I have granted it expressedly only as a trial. I certainly shall not renew the permission if I see any reason to believe that the competition has inflicted any damage on the school, or been detrimental to the boys in any

way. I cannot contemplate your withdrawal from the school without very great sorrow, remembering the many ways in which you advance its welfare, and I hope most earnestly that you will not leave us in consequence of this, which is only an experiment.

‘I am, yours very truly,

‘P. D. SMITH.’

Mr. Scott read this with a sort of pleasure, partly because he liked to feel for a moment that the way backwards was open to him, and partly because the letter spoke of his withdrawal as a matter of consequence. ‘Before Dr. Smith,’ he thought and laughed. ‘*Learning v. Athletics*. For the plaintiff, Scott; for the defendant, Lockyear. In consequence of the decision of the learned judge, the plaintiff’s counsel was ass enough to withdraw from the bar.’ Or again, ‘*Scott v. the School, and Athletics*. A decree *nisi* was pronounced, the respondent and co-respondent retaining the custody of the children.’ ‘Shocking,’

he said to himself as he laughed, while his eyes filled with tears. He sat down and wrote :

‘DEAR DR. SMITH,—I am sorry I am not able to alter my first letter’ (then he sat and played with his pen, and went on presently). ‘I do not know what pleasures I shall have in the future; I only know that all I have had in the past are connected with this place.

‘I am, yours very truly,

‘J. SCOTT.’

CHAPTER XVI.

VIS CONSILI EXPERS.

As the time came near for the regatta the excitement in the boating part of the school increased. If the end of the world had been coming, it would not have absorbed more attention. In fact, the regatta was for the time the end of the world. When Carter had a boil, he still wished to row.

The doctor said, 'If you row for a few days it will become more serious.'

'I don't care,' said Carter.

'It will cause you immense pain.'

'I shouldn't mind,' said Carter, 'if we can only win the race.'

'Well,' said the doctor, who was a sharp man and saw at last how the question lay, 'if you row now, you won't win the race.' And thus at last Carter rested.

It was suspected that Bennett's chest was weak, a suggestion which he repudiated with scorn.

'I should be examined,' said Mr. Gannett to him.

'No,' said Bennett. 'Surely I know, and the doctor might say it was when it wasn't.'

'Why?' said Mr. Gannett.

'I don't know,' said Bennett, with a slight cough, 'but he would, I dare say.'

'You may be an invalid for life.'

'I don't care,' said Bennett. But he had to see the doctor, who, to Bennett's intense anger, pronounced against his rowing. Bennett was not so much sorry that he had a bad chest as indignant with the doctor, about whom he alternated in his opinion, considering him by turns a liar and an old woman. The news that Bennett had been stopped rowing spread considerable dismay throughout the school. If Two rolled, and Bow might not row, things were looking dismal. Only Mr. Lockyear preserved an equable demeanour and confident cheerfulness which

invigorated the boys. 'He was bow of the Cambridge boat,' they whispered. 'And the best oar in it,' said Glasier, whose admiration for him was intense. As a matter of fact, Mr. Lockyear, though a very good oar, had not been in the University crew at all; but he had been the captain of his college boat, and had by his care taken it up to the head of the river, and was perhaps as good a teacher of rowing as could be had.

Jones used to weigh himself every morning, and the operation was watched with interest by a great many boys; and to the result, and matters connected with it, Jones used to devote a great deal of his thoughts and conversation during the day. He liked to know not only his daily weight, but his mean weight for the week, which some one used to find for him and help him in trying to account for the various fluctuations. He ceased to make much pretence of working. His repetition had always been a difficulty with him, since no one could learn it for him, and

since it was certain that he would be put on. However, he took his detentions for it as a matter of course, clearing them away before the next time came, and so regarding his affairs so far as in a healthy state. As to construes, he had always been supplied with translations, either manuscript or from Bohn, which he had been accustomed to use. But now he was too absorbed with other matters to continue this kind of preparation, and either he prepared nothing or condescended for a few minutes to listen to a 'strue, of which he could always command plenty. 'You shall be Marcellus—give lilies with full hands.'

'What was Marcellus?' said Jones, condescendingly.

'Conqueror of Syracuse?' said Tucker.

'Where?' said Jones.

'Syracuse,' said Tucker, '208.'

'Never mind dates,' said Jones. 'Cut on,' and Tucker cut on for five or six lines.

'That'll do,' said Jones. 'I know

ten lines ; I shan't bother with any more.'

Tucker was sorry when he was thus dismissed, and looked at Jones with reverence for his independent feelings. As to the exercises, they were an easier matter. Many boys placed their talents unreservedly at Jones's disposal, and Jones left to them the production and arrangement of his ideas, and also the more delicate matter of representing in what they produced their estimate of Jones's intelligence. The feeling with which they approached this part of their task was not very complimentary to Jones ; but he did not resent it. It seemed to him to be a part of greatness to know so little.

'Are there enough mistakes?' he would ask seriously.

'Yes,' said Fish confidently.

'All right,' said Jones ; and presently with anger, 'I can't read this ; if you don't write it better, I'll give you something to remember it by.'

'Jones,' said Mr. Orton, 'did you do your exercise yourself?'

‘Yes, sir,’ said Jones.

‘All of it?’ said Mr. Orton doubtfully.

‘Yes, sir,’ said Jones, with a slight air of indignation, before which Mr. Orton retired.

The form listened dubious, a few despising Jones for the lie, one or two admiring him for his steadiness, and many almost pardoning it in him for his greatness. Jones himself had in some way persuaded himself that it was not a lie at all: so much so that at last he highly resented this view of it.

‘I did write it myself, every word of it.’

‘But he said “do it,”’ said Bramwell, who was conscientious and argumentative.

‘I did do some of it,’ said Jones.

‘But he said “all of it,”’ continued Bramwell.

‘D—n it,’ said Jones angrily, ‘he has no business to ask. If I show my exercises up, it’s no business of his, anything else; or of yours either,’ he said, turning on Bramwell, ‘so you shut your mouth.’

‘ Jones is a dreadful nuisance,’ said poor Mr. Orton. ‘ He swears he does his exercises himself. I know he doesn’t. Look here, “ Slow sinks more lovely e’er his race be run.” ’

“ *Decidet en ! quam deciderit formosior ante
Phœbus et ultimum spargit in orbe diem.*”

You can see they are done in a hurry by some one who can do verses, and has some taste, but doesn’t want to use it, or do the English, and who never could make the false quantity.’

‘ Why did he make it, then ? ’ said Gannett.

‘ Why, of course, he wrote “ extremum,” and altered it on purpose ; but I can’t get Jones to say so. And the other boys copy Jones, and think him no end of a swell, and neglect their work, and I can’t get them on at all. Jones never does a stroke. He almost laughs at me when I ask him to go on, and gets turned in his repetition as regularly as clockwork. I wish this race was over or at the bottom of the sea,’ and the poor little man almost cried with vexation.

‘Now here,’ he said, ‘this is the sort of thing Jones ought to write,’ and he began to laugh as he showed little Benbow’s exercise, who tried with might and main to bring himself as a poet up to the level of the lower fifth.

Decidit haud velox quam amœnior ante via acta
est
Sol supra moreæ culmina celsa cadens.

‘Now you can see the little beggar has tried.’

‘Don’t they make you sick, if you get much of that?’ said Gannett, who was sixth form composition master.

‘No,’ said Orton, ‘I rather like it. He has tried, you know.’

‘He might as well leave off trying, I should think,’ said Gannett.

‘So do I now,’ said Orton. ‘But I couldn’t tell till this term. He might have taken a start at any time. I’ll put him on to some chemistry or history. But I don’t know what to do about Jones.’

‘I should send him up as simply doing nothing,’ said Gannett. ‘He

ought to be sent away. He does a lot of harm.'

Orton made no remark, but presently turned to another set of exercises. The names of the boys who had not shown up exercises were written on the outside of the cover :

Barrett, o.s.

Smith, o.s.

Benbow.

'It's a funny thing,' said Orton, looking at the list, 'but Benbow didn't show up an exercise this morning. I asked him why not, and he didn't say a word, but looked as if he were going to cry. So I said nothing then, but I asked him again after, and then he was just the same, but he didn't say a word. I can't make it out. I feel sure that he did the exercise, or that something is wrong.. He isn't just silly, you know, to be stuck up because he has not done a thing and gets spoken to about it, but rather plucky. I think I'll send for him.' When Benbow came, Mr. Orton said to him : 'I want to ask you a question.

Did you do your Greek exercise this morning ?'

'Yes, sir,' said Benbow.

'Why didn't you show it up ?' Benbow was silent. 'Fetch it to me,' said Mr. Orton. The boy became visibly perturbed.

'Are you sure you did it ?' said Mr. Orton severely. The boy said nothing ; he changed colour, and kept his eyes on the ground. Mr. Orton began to alter his mind, and to think that the boy had told a lie.

'Did you do it ?' he said. 'Answer me.' The boy stood apparently cowering before him.

'Did you do it ?' he said, still more severely. 'I believe you have told me a falsehood. You may go now, but I shall report the matter to your house master.' The boy went without looking up, but evidently in great trouble.

'What do you make of it ?' said Orton to Gannett. 'I believe he didn't do it, and sticks to it, having once committed himself. I remember young Chough lying to me just in the

same way, only, poor little beast, in order to keep my good opinion.'

'I don't know,' said Gannett. 'I don't know the boy; and I haven't much experience with liars.'

'Well, of course I shan't let the matter rest here. I think I'll ask Fort about him. He was in his form a long time, and he plays at cricket.' Orton got up and went away to Fort's rooms.

'Fort,' he said, 'what sort of a boy is Benbow?'

'Oh, nice enough,' said Fort, looking up interrogatively from his papers. 'He works, or used to, but he is rather stupid.'

'Does he tell the truth?' said Orton.

'Yes, I should think so.'

'Well, look here,' and Orton told the whole tale. 'What shall I do?'

'I should tell Scott,' said Fort; 'he is his deputy house-master, you know, and he will tell you more about it than I can. I haven't seen much of him for a long time.' Orton went to Scott,

who heard the tale without a word from beginning to end. When it was done, he said :

‘I saw Benbow write his exercise last night in top schools. He came up to me about it. Give me your exercises.’ Orton gave them. Scott looked them through, and picked out three exercises. ‘Look here,’ he said, ‘these are the only ones that have got *πεφευγώς εἶη*. I told two of them : the third boy I told was Benbow ; but the third exercise is Jones’s. Is Jones a swell, then ?’

‘No,’ said Orton, becoming very interested ; ‘what do you think ?’

‘My dear Orton,’ said Scott, ‘do you see the nose on my face ? I expect not. Here it is, fresh coloured and comely ; but you can’t see it. Would you like to feel it ? Let me send for Benbow,’ he continued. ‘But stay a minute ; it is rather awkward.’

‘Why,’ said Orton, suddenly, ‘I think I see what has happened.’

‘Do you ?’ said Scott. ‘What is it ?’

‘Why, Jones copied Benbow’s

exercise, and wouldn't let him send it up.'

'You are awfully sharp,' said Scott; 'it seems as though you were right.'

'I think I can manage it now,' said Orton, getting up to go.

'What are you going to do?' said Scott.

'I'll send for him, and make him tell me.'

'But if you do that, you will make poor little Benbow's life a burden to him, because all the fellows will be against him. It won't do; we can't get at it through him; something else must be done. It's no use asking Jones. Is your form room swept yet?'

'I don't know. Why?'

'Perhaps Benbow's exercise might be there. Jones would probably tear it up when he had copied it.'

'He couldn't have done it there, because of locking up,' said Orton.

'I don't think he did,' said Scott. 'But he might have done it before chapel. Anyhow, it's worth seeing.'

They went into the lower fifth

form room, but it was swept. Then they went into the dust-box to see if there was any paper in it. There was much, but not the exercise.

‘I expect he burnt it,’ said Orton.

‘I don’t,’ said Scott. ‘There is no fire anywhere that he could get at. I’ll go into the house; he may have torn it up in the study.’

He went into the study, but there was no paper on the floor at all. He was coming away, when Jones himself came up from tea. Scott felt a little awkward, but he made up his mind what to do, and, turning to Jones, he said quietly:

‘I was looking for Benbow’s exercise. I thought it might be on the floor here. I thought you tore it up.’

‘I didn’t tear it up,’ Jones said quickly.

‘Where is it, then?’ said Scott. ‘Give it to me.’

Jones hesitated. He did not know how much Scott knew; he thought it certain that Benbow had told, and felt

furious with him. Having this idea, he felt obliged to speak.

‘It is burnt,’ he said sullenly.

‘You copied it, and burnt it, and forbade him to say anything about it,’ said Scott quietly, not yet quite sure.

Jones said nothing.

‘Is that so?’

Jones still hesitated.

‘You may as well tell the truth,’ said Scott. ‘I know pretty well, and there are other ways of getting to know than through you. If I have to use them, it will be the worse for you.’

Jones, who was cunning enough, felt then that Scott did not know, and was very vexed with himself for having said as much as he had; but he was aware that, both by what he had said and by his silence, he had compromised himself, and said sulkily:

‘I hadn’t time to do my own exercise.’

‘Listen to me,’ said Scott, his eye kindling. ‘Benbow told me nothing of this; it was made known to me by

mere accident and yourself. Call up whatever feelings of shame you have about you, for you will need them all.'

He went out of the study.

In the evening, during top schools, Jones was sent for by Dr. Smith, and he confessed little by little what he had done. After prayers Dr. Smith sent for Jones again, and forbade his going on the river, and told him that he had such a report of him from his masters that he should send him away at the end of term; and in the form which he took the next morning, Mr. Scott said before he began the lesson :

'The phrase used about those who enter into contests with strangers is that they represent the school: and so they do; but we cannot be represented by a cruel or a deceitful boy, or a boy who forgets altogether the purpose for which he came to school. It is not fit that such a boy as this should carry our hopes in any struggle whatever. I do not think that any boy would wish it: not even the boy him-

self, who cannot be devoid of honour really, and must now understand the wickedness of that which he has done. If any approach to such practices as those I am speaking of is not condemned among us, we ought not to keep the school open, for we should have failed to secure its first objects, not only industry, but truth, generosity, and good feeling.'

The boys generally were greatly disappointed at the punishment of Jones, and many who thought more of the race than anything else were inclined to murmur.

'Benbow never told, you know,' said Fisher. 'I'll be hanged if I'd have let him do it to me; but it was rather jolly of him not to tell, all the same. He'd have got it pretty hot if Scott hadn't found it out, for Tichborne didn't believe him, and was going to send him up.'

'How did Scott find it out?' said one of the group, to whom the well-informed Fisher was giving the benefit of his information.

‘He sent for Jones to the study and made him tell.’

‘How did he know it was Jones?’

‘He found Jones in Benbow’s study when he went round last night, and he guessed it was him.’

‘Pooh!’ said another boy. ‘Scott didn’t go round the studies at all last night.’

‘Well, Platt told me he did,’ said Fisher, rather crestfallen. ‘How did he find out, then?’ said he, sinking his reputation for knowledge in curiosity.

‘I don’t know,’ said the other, ‘nor any one else; but he’s an awfully ‘cute fellow is Scott. I remember’;—and then followed certain other instances, mostly apocryphal, in which Scott was said to have distinguished himself in like manner—often tales as it were about the feats of a conjuror, in which all the important parts are left out.

But all this did not mend Scott’s popularity at all. The crew were irritated of course at losing the services of Jones, and guessed, whether truly

or not, that Scott had suggested the kind of punishment. 'It would be just like him; he hates the boat and the race, and I hate him. It was a beastly, sneaking thing of him to go into a fellow's study.'

These were the murmurs of Bennett, taken up by many others as the recollection of Jones's offence passed by and his punishment was always manifest. 'Jones may have done a dirty thing, but there is no right in punishing us, who have done nothing, and Scott did quite as dirty a thing in going to his locker. I hate the spirit in which it was done. And he lectured the fifth about it at first lesson, and I think he might have let that alone.'

As the time of the race came close, and the new No. 3 did not acquit himself very well, the discontent of the boating part of the school became very great. Scott, whose perceptions were very keen, knew very well the feeling which there was, and was dreadfully vexed at it. He said nothing, and no one spoke to him about

it, or understood perhaps what he felt. The school and the boys had become to him in the place of a wife, and his wife hated him. It was his last term at school, and if he cared about anything, it was that the recollection which the boys had of him should be pleasant. He began to understand that this could not be, for the end of the term was coming, and then he would pass away altogether.

The boat went to Henley, and was beaten in its heat, all through the bad condition of Three, and his not swinging with the rest. The boys came back, and laid their disaster at the door of Scott. Bennett, who had considerable influence in the school, by the heartiness of his invectives brought most of the boys of any standing into his opinion, and Scott's unpopularity became more and more general. It was extraordinary how lonely he felt as he became more and more conscious of it, and the term drew nearer to its close. He hadn't the heart to make a jest with regard to his situation, to compare

himself to a jilted man, to a Queen's counsel, any longer. When the concert came, and the cheering at the end of it—for the ladies—and so on—for the masters—one of the boating boys called out 'Bar Scott.' There was a loud and angry cry from a part of the orchestra, but the exception was generally applauded, and was received with a certain amount of pleasure by Mr. Lockyear, but with great pain by Mr. Scott himself, though after the first wince he only smiled.

'It was rather nasty for Scott,' said Lockyear afterwards.

'And great cheek of the boys,' said Wright indignantly. 'However, Scott doesn't mind.'

'I think he does,' said Fort.

'I don't,' said Gannett; 'I was close by him, and he almost laughed.'

But Jemmy and Petitt, and even Barton, were furious. The insult to Scott had roused all their feeling, in abeyance before, until it was as intense as the opposition to Scott. The boys, too, felt ashamed generally of what they

had done, now that it was done, and a reaction set in. Everybody remembered now not simply this last term, though even here they could not now see the heinousness in Scott's conduct which they saw before, but also the many terms before, and there were few who could not call to mind some kindness received from Scott. Round Jemmy and Barton and Petitt, who would not have wavered if the school had thought Scott ten times as bad, there collected an angry and repentant set, who demanded that the choregus should go to Scott and make what amends were possible by apologising. 'When I first came,' said Jemmy, haranguing in the hall, 'there was no one like Scott here; and he has never done a dirty thing of any kind. I defy anybody to say that he has. And now, just because he has found out some one else's dirty tricks' (and Jemmy went red with passion) 'every one has turned against him, and done to him something worse than anybody has ever had done to him before. If I

knew who it was who shouted it out, let him say it, and I'll show him what I think of it.' Jemmy's fists were clenched, but no one spoke. It is not to be supposed that speeches so earnest did not influence a repentant multitude, and at last when a week had passed, close upon the end of term, the choregus went to Scott, feeling very uncomfortable, but guiltless. He found him standing looking out of the window. He looked pleased, but surprised, when he saw the boy. It was Clarry, the same who had taken the last walk with Appleton. Clarry blushed very much, and hung back in answer to Scott's ready greeting. He said, hesitatingly :

'If you please, sir, there is a general wish in the school that I should apologise to you for the cry that was raised at the concert. It was done unthinkingly and by a very few boys, and took the bulk of the school by surprise, and everybody in the school is very sorry.' Scott turned quickly away to the window. 'I am certain,' said Clarry, when he told the tale after

coming out, 'that he was very nearly crying. I could see when he turned round. Then he laughed and said, "Go and tell them that it doesn't matter. I dare say they felt they had reason for what they did. But tell them that they should choose to cry out against in public those who wish evil to them, not those who have never wished them anything but well. And I am much obliged to you for coming."'

Clarry gave the account of his interview, but the boys generally were not relieved very much by what he told them.

It was the last day of term. In the morning Petitt went to see Scott, as was his custom, to say good-bye; he was going away in the evening, because he had to cross the Channel.

Scott said, 'Good-bye, Petitt. You will remember me next term, though you will not see me.'

'Why not, sir?'

said Petitt.

'Because I shall not be here. Be a good boy, so that all I hear about you may be good. Be true to yourself and your friends, and reverence your

conscience, and then it will be all right.'

He took the boy's hand, who stood in a sort of dismay. 'Good-bye,' said Scott.

Petitt said, 'Oh, sir, I am so sorry!'

'So am I,' said Scott. 'But it can't be helped. Here is something to remember me by.' He took down a book from the shelves and gave it to Petitt, who went away wishing to say many things, but not knowing how to say them.

He went straight to the study, and said, 'Scott is going to leave.'

'Scott!' said Jemmy. 'Why?' Barton got up from his chair, but said nothing.

'I don't know,' said Petitt.

'How do you know?' said Jemmy.

'He has just told me,' said Petitt, 'and said good-bye.'

'Do you think it is because of the concert?'

'He wouldn't leave for that,' said Barton. 'He has got something

better,' thinking jealously of the place that could offer the advantage.

'I don't believe he'd go for that,' said Petitt.

'Of course he would,' said Barton. Barton was sitting in his flannels waiting to be photographed with the cricket eleven. He was called now, and found the rest nearly ready, and talking as to how many copies should be ordered.

'We shall give one to Gannett and Fort,' said Bennett. 'I don't see why we should to Scott; he hasn't done anything hardly for the eleven this year, and not been down to the matches.'

'I don't expect he'd have it, after being hissed at the concert,' said one.

'Oh, he doesn't care; and next term he'll be all right again.'

'He's going to leave,' said Barton. Each boy bent forward to hear the news.

'How do you know?' said one and another.

'He has just told Petitt.'

'Now, gentlemen,' said the photographer. The photograph was taken,

and when it came out was distributed. 'What is the matter with the boys?' said Wright. 'How down in the mouth they all look! Look at Barton!'

'He always looks solemn,' said Fort.

'Well, look at the masher; he doesn't,' said Wright.

'How sorry they all are!' said the captain's little sister when she saw it. 'How sorry you look, Jem!'

'I should think you must have had a bad season,' said Carton's father. 'You all look very sulky.' It was not the season, but the news they had just heard; it would have pleased poor Scott to know this, if he had ever known it; for each boy was thinking how kind Scott had been to him, and that they had behaved badly to him.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE EVENING BEFORE THE BATTLE.

WE have been long enough with these boys at school. We have seen them to the end of their fifth year. They are now nearing the end of boyhood; they have passed through its many perils; they have received what school can give, and they have given back to school that which schoolboys have to give. Jemmy was captain of football in his last year, and Petitt was huntsman of the runs, and Barton was not only in the cricket eleven, but he had gained a scholarship. Two days after his return to school from Oxford he had received a letter from Mr. Scott which ran thus:

‘232 Brunswick Buildings.

‘MY DEAR BARTON,—I see in the newspapers that you have a scholar-

ship, which I am very glad of; it gives you encouragement, and shows you that you may hope to do well. I told you once that if you worked you would find yourself repaid. Said I not well? Now, then, also believe me when I speak of another pleasure to come, greater than this, as much as this pleasure is greater than the early pleasures of boys. This kind of pleasure lasts for a short time: is the pleasure of success, and makes you remember yourself. The next kind of pleasure lasts for ever, is as great in failure as success, and makes you forget yourself. In that fact it lies; it consists in getting out of yourself, into the great thoughts of great men, in following them through high places of great beauty, and also in low places as nasty as can be, when you can leave yourself and pleasure, to help in whatever way you can all the poorest creatures of the earth. Therefore, my dear Barton, I beseech you to forget this success, and not to dwell upon it either by talking to others of it, or by thinking of it yourself longer

than human nature makes you. Pass from thinking of it to thoughts of how you may best serve your friends and enemies, and always study to talk and think of other things than yourself. Give my best love to James and Petitt. I am the affectionate friend of all three of you.

‘J. SCOTT.’

‘I thought he would write,’ said Jemmy, as they sat talking. When Jemmy got to the end of the letter he laughed, and Petitt blushed for fear Barton should know his thoughts. Barton at first had been vexed at the last part, and had made up his mind to burn the letter without showing it, but made a step in the right direction by showing it, and laughing himself.

‘You can go on, Tipper, you know,’ said Jemmy. ‘I consider you’re entitled to it. And never mind old Scott. He can’t punish you now,’ said Jemmy, laughing rather wildly. ‘I wonder what he’s doing now. Where are Brunswick Buildings?’

‘I expect,’ said Petitt, ‘he’s a clergyman somewhere.’

‘I’m sure he is not,’ said Barton. ‘I wish he were here.’

‘So do I,’ said Petitt.

‘I expect he would blow us all up. I should be too rough, and regardless of the feelings of others. He told me so once; and I don’t——’ Jemmy stopped, and looked at his companions, who, being in a polite form of mind, looked a little guilty. Jemmy blushed a little, and said, ‘And Petitt would be——’

‘Shut up,’ said Barton; ‘you aren’t Scott.’

‘I wish I was,’ said Jemmy. ‘But the next best thing is to have Scott like you. He used to like me better than either of you.’ When this failed to draw the others, he said, ‘No, he didn’t; he liked Petitt best, I know.’

‘How do you know?’ said Barton, while Petitt looked pleased.

‘I saw him when he won the two miles,’ said Jemmy. ‘He went up to Fort and said something.’

‘What?’ said Barton.

‘I don’t know,’ said Jemmy.

‘Well, that’s nothing,’ said Barton.

‘Oh, I know he did,’ said Jemmy.

‘I’ve seen him lots of times since. Hullo! there’s Billy. It’s my calling over; lend me a list, and a pencil.’

The summer term, the last summer term for these three, had come and gone, and, as the last week went by, things to be done for the last time came in quick succession. On Sunday afternoon they went for their last walk together, noticed by all the boys. There were in the school hardly any three who could associate such recollections as theirs with the places through which they were to pass. Here was the cricket-field upon which Petitt had often pulled up, a panting conqueror, or had entered, fit and fresh in his scarlet jersey, at the head of his panting pack; along which Jemmy had often taken a ball amid enthusiastic howling, and Barton sent many a spinning hit. Here was the common upon which they had learnt

much of their skill, and beyond that the open country suggesting more private recollections.

‘This is where I turned out in my first run,’ said Jemmy.

‘I remember,’ said Petitt, laughing.

‘You asked me if you should stop,’ said Jemmy, ‘and I thought you were done, so I said “No.”’

Petitt laughed again. ‘Here is the stile where Jones trod on you,’ said Jemmy. ‘I was glad when you beat him in the two miles, and so was Coddles,’ and he stopped suddenly.

‘I wish he were here now,’ said Petitt.

‘So do I,’ said Jemmy, as a recollection seemed to come on him and choke him.

‘So do I,’ said Barton, very softly for him. They were all thinking of the quarrel never made up. Presently Barton said, ‘I think he is. I don’t think so much of it that we didn’t see him; he must have known that we were all right with him.’ There was a

shade of indignation in his tone, showing that the memory stung him. Then he added, more softly, 'I've thought of him much oftener since.'

'So have I,' said Petitt.

'And I feel,' said Barton, 'as if he had been with us all along.'

'Yes,' said Jemmy. 'If it hadn't been for him, I should never have got up. We were in a bad way, all of us except him, when he died. When I have felt cross,' he added in a quieter tone, 'I have often thought about him, and couldn't be.'

'So have I,' said Petitt.

'He was never cross,' said Barton, 'nor ever took the best thing; and when he couldn't do things, he was never disappointed, but always tried all the same.' Barton spoke slowly, as though he were speaking of wonders.

'Do you remember——?' said Jemmy, and stopped short.

'What?' said Barton.

There was a pause. 'I know what you mean,' said Petitt—'his fighting Scribner in the shop.' His voice nearly

broke down, and he turned his head away.

Barton was sad and silent too, thinking of that Saturday when he walked from the wickets by Coddles, who clapped and looked at him wistfully, very wistfully.

‘Do you remember,’ said Jemmy, ‘how he used to stick up for Scott, when Bolton spoke against him? He always liked Scott from the very first, and used to be vexed whenever any one said a word against him.’

‘We will never forget him,’ said Barton earnestly. ‘We can do that at least.’

So the boys talked, and because of the strength of feeling that was upon them there was hardly a difference between the three. At last, again, in the evening the school received them, their mother stern and gentle; stern they had known her often, and gentle often, but never so gentle as now.

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